

# Silver Screen

November

10¢

in England



the Faye  
and  
Ameche

**FAMILY SECRETS ABOUT TY POWER FROM HIS SISTER  
WHAT REALLY MAKES A WOMAN DANGEROUS?**





## Look at me now... Lily of the 5 & 10

**I**S IT really me? . . . here in a lovely house, with a car and servants . . . and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder . . .

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that . . . only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men . . ."

"They don't like *me*," I confessed.

"That's what *you* think . . . but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for . . ."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it . . . but I think

I ought to . . ."

And then she told me . . . told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).<sup>\*</sup> Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, *you've* been, well . . . *careless*. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant . . . makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest.

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

*\* Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

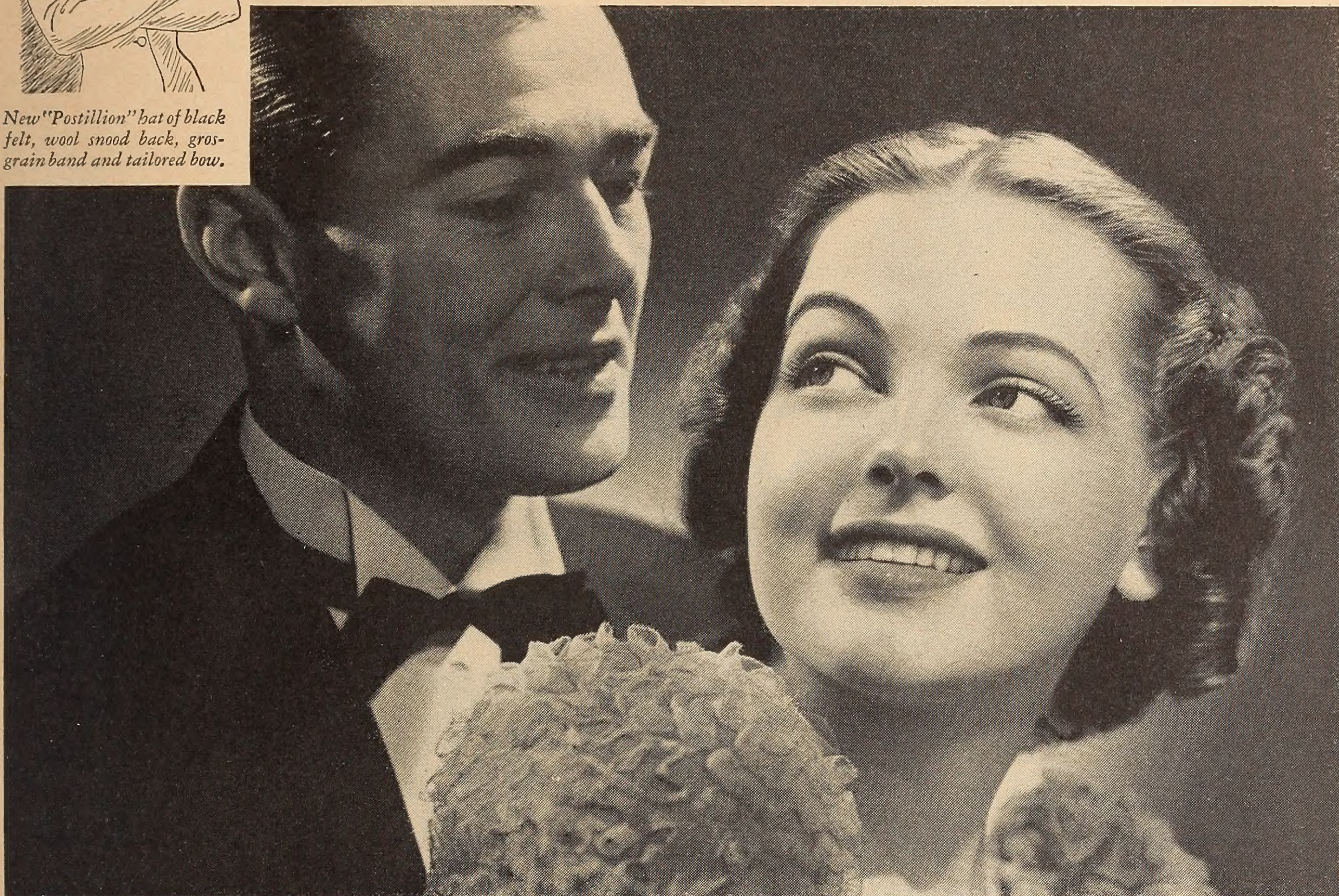




New "Postillion" hat of black felt, wool snood back, gros-grain band and tailored bow.

# Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

*An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!*



## Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush!" Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A SAUCY little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores "pink tooth brush"... who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't YOU be so careless! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it *should* be.



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



# The Opening Chorus

## THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

Everything happens to me. Other writers seem to be able to go off on location trips and have a perfectly wonderful time hob-nobbing with movie stars and enjoying nature at its mildest. But just let me go on a location trip and you can be quite certain that nature will rear up and act nasty. I think I bring out the beast in nature. There was the time I went on the desert location down in Arizona with the "Under Two Flags" company. Everything was dandy until I got there and then a sand storm blew up that wrecked the set, Ronnie Colman's eyes, and my new car. When I went to Sun Valley, Idaho, with the "She Met Him in Paris" company a snow storm set in that lasted a week—and after a week of hob-nobbing with sulking actors in hotel rooms I hated them and they hated me. On the "Rose-Marie" location in Nevada I was all set to expand my lungs and thump my chest and enjoy the forest primeval when the rains came, and practically washed Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and all of us into Lake Tahoe.

So it was inevitable that nothing minor would occur when I recently joined an RKO junket to Eugene, Oregon, to visit the location of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Raymond Massey (*Abe Lincoln*), Mary Howard (*Ann Rutledge*), and a swell cast of character actors under the direction of John Cromwell had been getting on so well up there in Oregon that they were days ahead of schedule. But I soon fixed that. Immediately after I hit town, several forest fires that had formerly kept a well-mannered distance suddenly started closing in—in fact, the sun was so completely done in by the smoke that there wasn't enough light for shooting, so all work had to be called off indefinitely. Now I can be big about sand storms, snow storms, and floods, but there's a little something about fire I don't take to. So I didn't tarry long in Oregon. Which was a break for the company because the wind changed immediately after I left and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" carried on in fine fettle.

There was an Easterner (*one of those Hollywood belittlers*) on that junket who seemed to be a bit baffled because "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is being made in Oregon instead of Illinois, because an Englishman is playing the Greatest American of Them All, because the studio built an entire village of New Salem in the wilds of Oregon, rather than use the authentic New Salem in Illinois. "So what?" I said politely, "Do you want to make something out of it?" He didn't.

Well, it seems that there is no actor in this world (*even Henry Fonda*) who looks as much like the pictures of Abraham Lincoln as Raymond Massey. Mr. Massey has been in the Broadway production of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" all this past year in New York, and believe me, he just is Lincoln. (*And a fine time to get upset over an Englishman playing Lincoln when*

(Continued on page 13)

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1939

VOLUME TEN  
NUMBER ONE

# Silver Screen

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PHOTOS BY GENE LESTER

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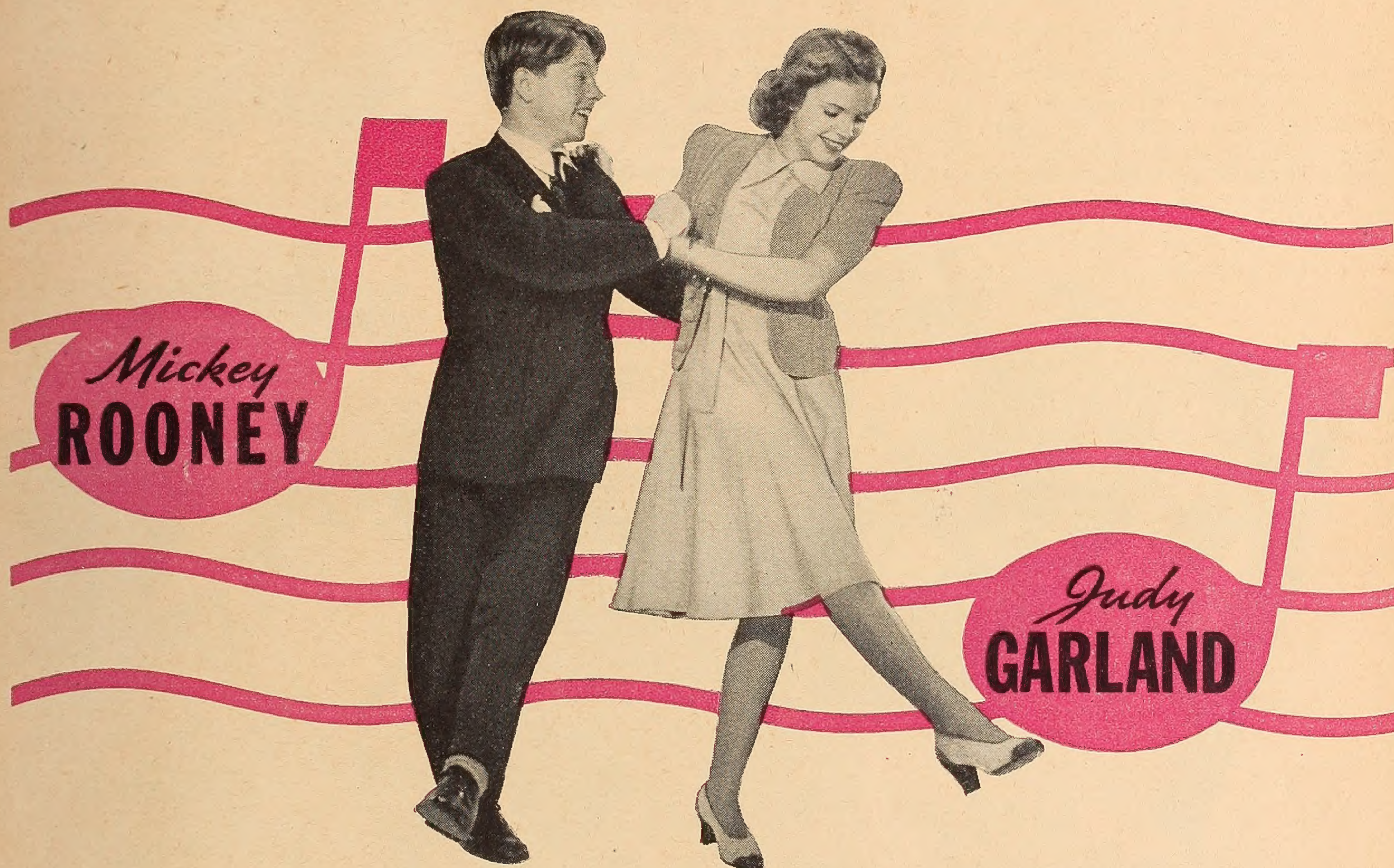
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**A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND  
MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"**



## **BABES IN ARMS**

*with* CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE  
JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY  
JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND  
BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD  
Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.  
*Directed by* Busby Berkeley • *Produced by* Arthur Freed  
**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**



... and the best of music! Hear:  
"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by  
Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg,  
"GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.





# Hollywood Whispers



**Shirley Temple looks amazed at hearing 'em and so will you!**

**G**LAMOUR Girls are certainly going in for freckles these days! And when we think that only a year or so ago you practically had to beat one over the head with a sledgehammer before she'd let you take a picture of her without gobs of make-up on to hide the little brown spots! But no more. Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers and Myrna Loy are all quite pleased with their freckles, thank you, and if you pop up on them with a candid camera it doesn't annoy them one bit.

In fact, Ginger is really over-doing it. So proud is she of her freckles that she refuses even to use powder most of the

time. Recently, her studio had some pictures made of her for magazine covers. Ginger refused to use make-up, so naturally when the pictures were developed there was a whole harvest of freckles on her pretty face. "Candid camera pictures are fun," said one magazine editor, "but we don't want them quite that candid. Re-touch the freckles and send them back." But Ginger calmly refused to okay the pictures if one single freckle was removed. And when a magazine has to beg a Glamour Girl to "look pretty," Jumping Jupiter, that's news!

*Before Tyrone Power and Annabella*

left on their recent European vacation they, along with other Twentieth Century players, had to attend a formal banquet with plenty of speeches and trimmings. It was all quite dignified and everyone was being very polite and very bored. Once removed from Ty at the speakers' table was his pal and former best man, Don Ameche. Don's speech was to be the most serious of a long series of serious speeches. Like most orators Don grabbed for his glass of water for a last gulp before he pompously rose from his chair—and to the surprise of everyone did a marvelous "double take." Then he giggled, then he pulled himself together, and launched into his oratory. How he ever got through the speech he doesn't know! It seems that Ty had slipped one of those tiny painted turtles into his water glass—and when he gulped he almost swallowed a live, wiggling turtle. Moral: Don't ever sit next to Ty Power at a banquet.

The greatest ovation at the premiere of "The Star Maker" went to Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish. The crowds cheered loud and lustily when those two lovely ladies got out of their cars. Gives one some kind of a beautiful thrill to realize that the public doesn't forget. That it isn't as fickle as it's represented to be.

There seems to be an old bromide or something going around that music lovers are very dull people (except to other  
(Continued on page 12)



*Left: Charles Laughton with his protege, Maureen O'Hara, whose performance with him in "Jamaica Inn" was so highly successful he brought her to Hollywood for his "Hunchback of Notre Dame."*



*Above: The end of the straw hat season is savagely welcomed by Mischa Auer. Right: Jeanette MacDonald cozily at home with her hubby, Gene Raymond. Our staff photographer, Gene Lester, got this exclusive pose while visiting them in their home.*





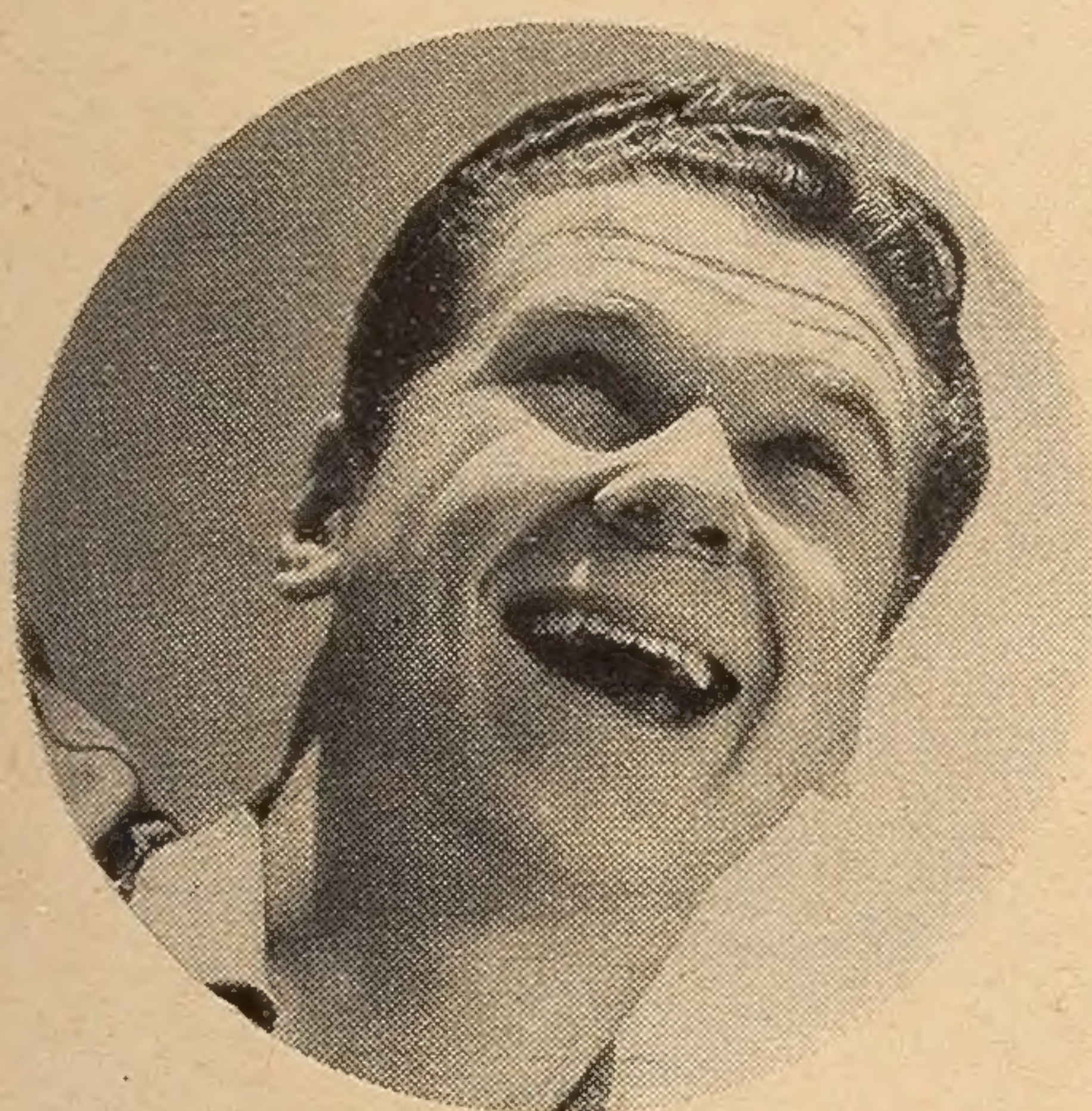
# A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by *Jane Grant*



## "JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



## "WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



## "HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



**Call your theatre** and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.





IF ONLY THOUSANDS  
OF SKINNY GIRLS  
KNEW THIS SIMPLE  
SECRET



Posed by  
professional  
models

## 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW PEP GAINED QUICK WITH IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

IT used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

### Why so many build up quick

You see, scientists have discovered that today an untold number of people are underweight, rundown, often tired and jittery, simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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### Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

### Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2611, Atlanta, Ga.

**TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.**  
See your local paper for exact time and station.

# Tips on Pictures

A Film for  
Every Mood

(Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Brian Donlevy.)

**CAT AND THE CANARY, THE** (Paramount)—Good. You'll find thrills of the haunted house, spooky variety in this rather old-fashioned mystery story. But if you enjoy haunted houses with secret wall panels, etc., you'll get many a shiver and many a giggle when you see this. The lonely Bayous of New Orleans are a fine atmospheric background, and the cast is tops. (Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, Douglas Montgomery.)

**CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND** (20th Century-Fox)—Fair. The newest Charlie Chan opus (with Sidney Toler in the Warner Oland part, of course) brings this droll Chinese detective to the San Francisco World's Fair to unravel his latest mystery, concerned with the mind-reading racket. (Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore.)

**CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY** (20th Century-Fox)—Good. Jane Withers, minus her bangs, and well on the way to young girlhood, is the star of this charming film adaptation of Barry Benefield's popular novel of the same title. It tells, and most amusingly, too, the story of the gay and debonair father (Leo Carrillo) who brings his family to New York from the Deep South in an old wagon drawn by mules, and their adventures in the Big Town. (Spring Byington, Marjorie Weaver.)

**EACH DAWN I DIE** (Warners)—Excellent. A prison drama that pulls no punches. If you can take it, you will see (Continued on page 10)

**ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER** (MGM)—Excellent. Just before graduating from highschool, Andy suddenly transfers his affections from Polly Benedict to Helen Gilbert, the new dramatic instructress. Andy gets it hard and, although we laugh at his subsequent misfortunes, it's with a lump in our throat. He even writes a play, and the performance of this "masterpiece" is worth the price of admission alone. (Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Lewis Stone.)

**BACHELOR MOTHER** (RKO)—Fine. This will put you in a grand humor. It tells of the absurd but delightful complications that arise when Ginger Rogers, a soft-hearted department store salesgirl, helps a baby in distress on the doors of a foundling asylum. Ginger really is a marvelous comedienne and is aided and abetted in this instance by Charles Coburn, the millionaire store owner, and his susceptible son, David Niven. The baby is adorable, and will give Sandy a run for her prestige.

**BEAU GESTE** (Paramount)—Fine. A worthy remake of the famous silent picture, this tells the story of three loyal brothers who join the French Foreign Legion in Africa after the theft of a priceless jewel at their home in England. Each, of course, is trying to shield the other who "might" be guilty. It is packed with mystery, intrigue, murder and romance.



A lively scene from "Hawaiian Nights," with lovely Constance Moore rehearsing her new dance as Johnny Downs toots his trumpet, Matty Malneck plays his violin and all the boys swing out with some red hot "rug-cutting" music.

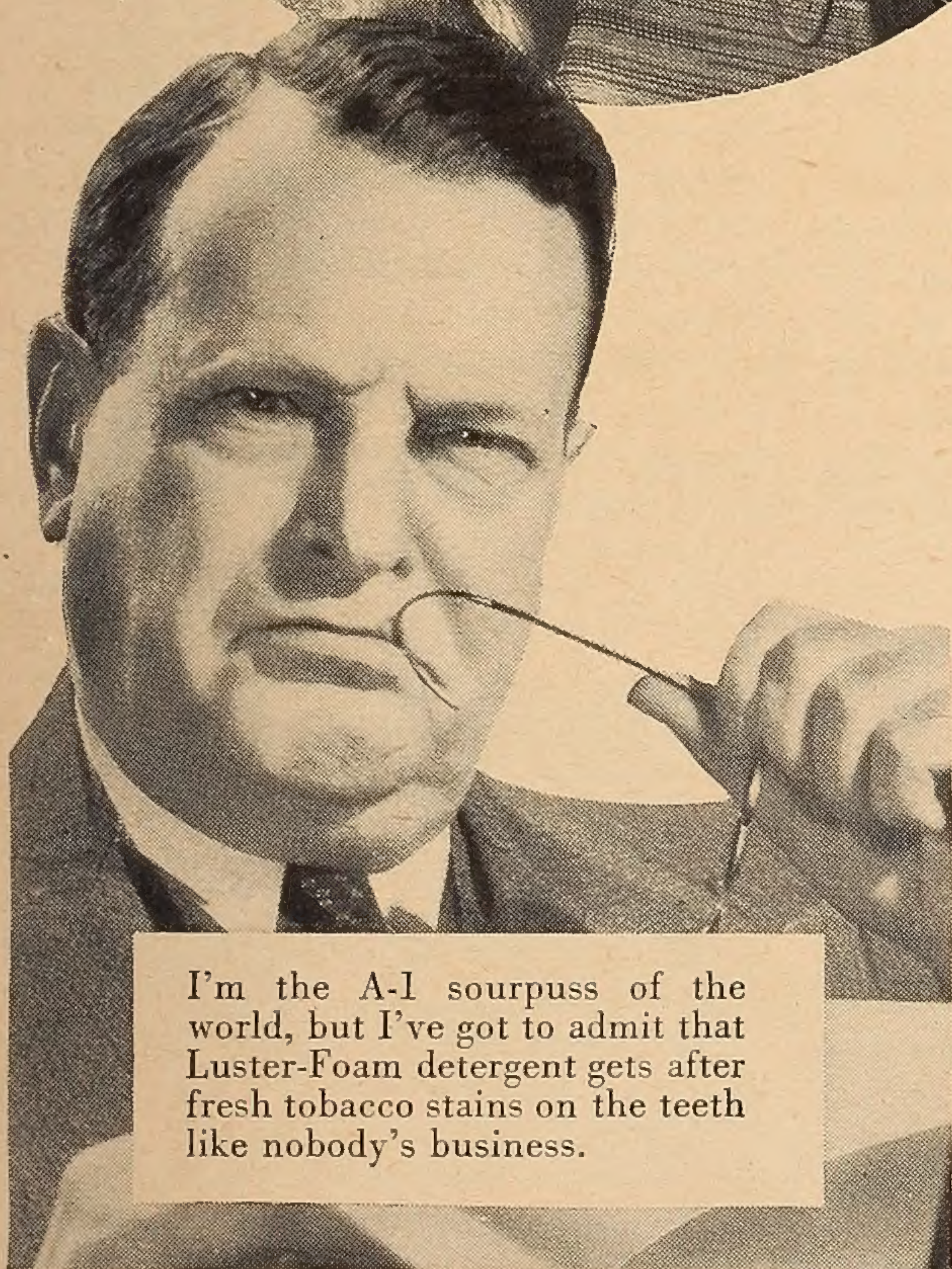


Thrilling *new* way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ...

*Extra Care!*



That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.



I'm the A-I sourpuss of the world, but I've got to admit that Luster-Foam detergent gets after fresh tobacco stains on the teeth like nobody's business.



Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.

## **LUSTER-FOAM** in Listerine Tooth Paste forms a "Bubble Bath" of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it's got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle ac-

tion. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That's why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. St. Louis, Mo.

### THE NEW FORMULA



P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam





## EX-LAX MOVIES

### "Mother comes to the Rescue"



**JILL:** O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

**MOTHER:** No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.



**JILL:** Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

**MOTHER:** Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.



**JILL:** Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

**MOTHER:** So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



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[Continued from page 8]

Jimmy Cagney giving one of the most outstanding performances of his career as the newspaper man railroaded to jail by a crooked political boss. George Raft, as a big time gangster, who actually meets what he calls "an honest guy," in Jimmy, is superb. (Jane Bryan, Geo. Bancroft.)

**FOUR FEATHERS (United Artists)**—Fine. When the English set out to make a film lauding the Empire, rest assured you're in for a colorful patriotic treat. Here we have a dramatic, breath-takingly real reproduction of Lord Kitchener's bloody campaign to win back the Sudan, with the heroes four officers in a swank regiment. Filmed beautifully in Technicolor, and acted right up to the hilt, this is a "must see." (Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements, June Dupree.)

**GIRL FROM RIO, THE (Monogram)**—Fair. Although the plot of this is not new screen fare, it is always dramatic enough to be served for another helping. Movita plays the role of a South American singer who comes to New York to help her brother out of a murder rap. As a night club singer—in the right spot, of course—she is able to do this quite simply. There are some good songs, some good acting, and plenty of action. (Warren Hull, Kay Linaker, Alan Baldwin.)

**HAWAIIAN NIGHTS (Universal)**—Entertaining. Light and breezy and young as the morning is this film musical telling the story of the son of a grouchy department store owner, who insists upon "living his own life." In other words, becoming a band leader instead of a merchant. Hawaii is the locale. There's plenty of swing music as well as a few romantic Hawaiian numbers. (Johnny Downs, Mary Carlisle, Constance Moore.)

**IRISH LUCK (Monogram)**—Good. Frankie Darro is cast as a bell hop in a large hotel that is used as an undercover exchange by a gang of crooks. Imbued with the desire to be a detective on his own account, young Frankie does a bit of shrewd sleuthing which lands him in several precarious positions. Plenty of melodrama in this one, and some good comedy, too.

**MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE (Paramount)**—Good. Romance and intrigue in a mythical South American republic. When the President of this exciting country is assassinated, Akim Timiroff, a French actor wanted by the police of his own land, impersonates him until an important deal is put through. (Patricia Morison, Ernest Cossart, Lloyd Nolan.)

**MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE (United Artists)**—Fine. Adapted, but freely, from Alexander Dumas' famous novel, this is chuck full of romance, action of the swashbuckling school, and history in the making. Louis Hayward plays Louis the 14th of France, as well as the role of his twin brother, Philippe of Gascony. The excellent cast includes Joan Bennett, Warren William and Joseph Schildkraut.

**ON BORROWED TIME (MGM)**—Excellent. In which death, in the person of the serious Mr. Brink, is kept literally up a tree while "Gramps" Northrup lives on borrowed time long enough, he hopes, to keep his adored orphaned grandson,

Pud, out of the reach of grim Aunt Demetria. A film that you will long remember for its hauntingly beautiful philosophy on a subject so generally feared. Perfectly acted by Lionel Barrymore, Bobs Watson and Beulah Bondi.

**QUICK MILLIONS (20th Century-Fox)**—Amusing. This is a sequel to *The Jones Family in Hollywood* and has this already famous homespun family inheriting a gold mine and shack in the Grand Canyon. However, they find the shack is now a hangout for a gang of crooks, who are trying to gain access to the mine. It is pure hokum, but will entertain all lovers of the Jones Family. (Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, June Carlson, George Ernest.)

**SECOND FIDDLE (20th Century-Fox)**—Entertaining. In which our charming little skating star, Sonja Henie, is cast as a Minnesota schoolmarm! But wait a minute. An up and coming Hollywood press agent, played by Tyrone Power, discovers her and soon she is hard at work becoming a screen glamour girl under his expert tutelage. The skating and the Irving Berlin songs are "tops." (Rudy Valee, Edna May Oliver.)

**SMUGGLED CARGO (Republic)**—Fair. In which the California orange growers run up against an unscrupulous business man who wishes to force their prices down to meet his demands. A murder in which Ralph Morgan, the head of the orange growers, becomes involved, leads to the end of this dictatorship. (Rochelle Hudson, Barry Mackay, George Barbier.)

**THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (United Artists)**—Fine. What with Jascha Heifetz, one of the world's great violinists, playing several times during the picture, and with California's most accomplished children's symphonic orchestra getting in its crescendoes, so to speak, what does it matter if the story is hokum—it's enjoyable hokum, and you'll have a grand time following it. (Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Andrea Leads, Joel McCrea.)

**THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS (MGM)**—Fine. With Lana Turner as the taxidancer who makes *High Society*, only to be insulted fast and furiously by the ultra-sophisticated Anita Louise, you have an idea of what kind of plot situations this comedy is letting you in for. The excellent cast includes Jane Bryan, Richard Carlson, Lew Ayres and Ann Rutherford.

**UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)**—Fair. With variations this plot resembles that of *Bachelor Mother*. Only here we have three corny actors, Dennis O'Keefe, Mischa Auer and Shirley Ross, acting as parents to a poor little orphan baby, in this case none other than that remarkable Sandy of whom you have heard so much favorable comment.

**WINTER CARNIVAL (United Artists)**—Fair. The annual Dartmouth winter sports events are reproduced here with a great deal of verve and excitement. But that's more than we can say for the plot of this yarn exploiting the charms of this year's "oomph" girl, Ann Sheridan, who in the not so dim and distant past was Carnival Queen, with Richard Carlson playing head man in her dizzy life. (Helen Parrish.)



**T**o one woman  
he gave his memories...  
to another  
he gave his dreams—  
wild longings—  
fierce desires  
he dared not name...  
for an interlude of  
stolen love!  
Could any woman  
be content with  
half a love?  
Could any man  
summon enough  
for both?...

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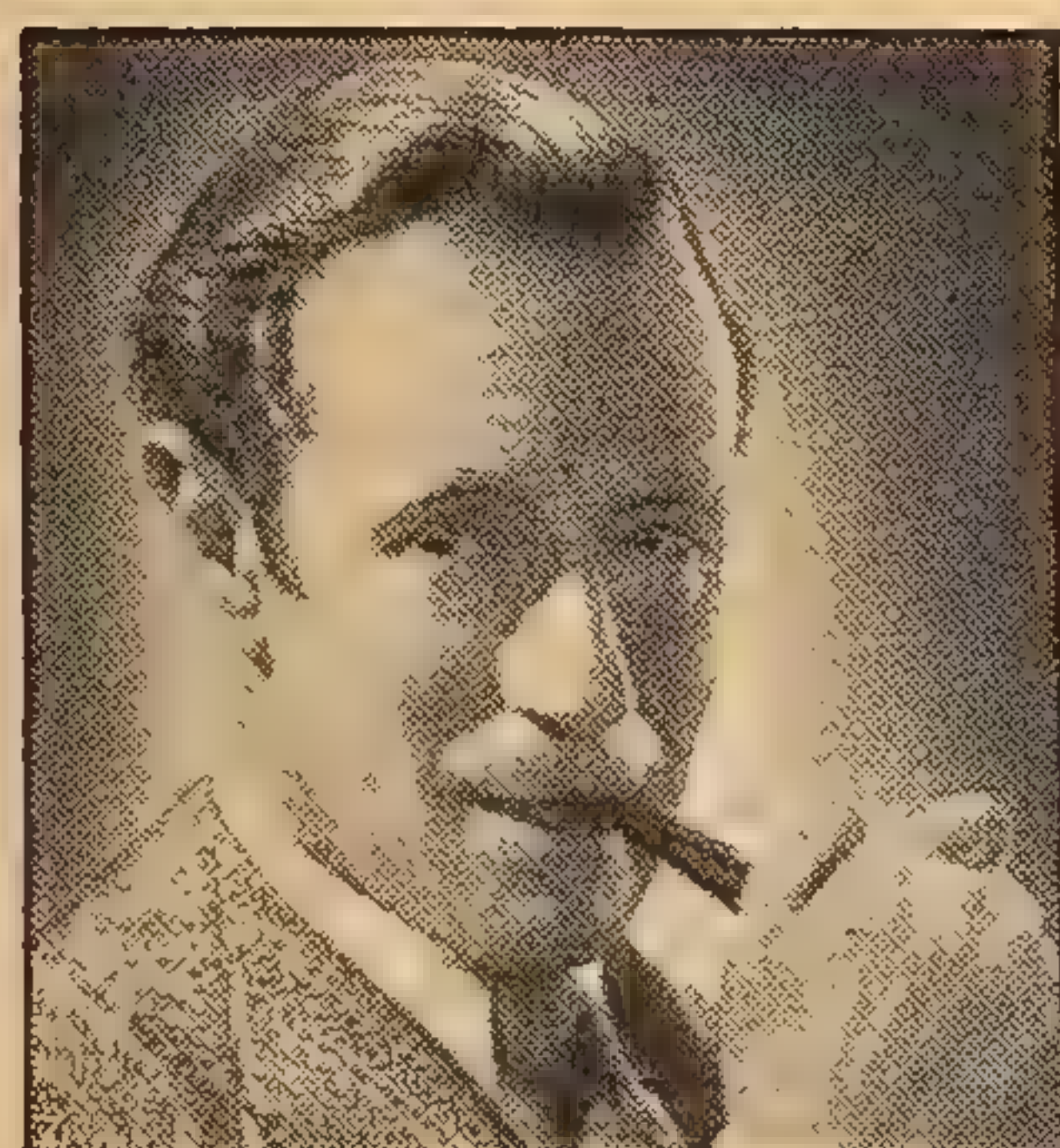
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Leslie Howard, Associate Producer  
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# Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 6]



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music lovers) but such was not the case at a cocktail party given recently by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond in honor of Lily Pons, Andre Kostelanetz, and Dalies Frantz. Music lovers were there in full swing (not *Benny Goodman's kind of swing*) and even if you didn't know a concerto from a contralto it was great fun. Jeanette, fresh from a vacation at Arrowhead, looked like a beautiful bronze statue—her face matching her dress perfectly. With all the wonderful things to eat and drink Jeanette kept nibbling at a plate of candy—what a gal she is for ice cream and candy!

"Pink" seemed to be the Hollywood motif that afternoon. Gorgeous Korjus appeared in pink and black plaid. Janet Gaynor wore a green suit with a pink blouse, and Irene Dunne had on a very cute hat with a scoop of pink carnations swooping down over one eye. After sitting with her back to a blazing afternoon sun for a half hour or more Irene Hervey—who gets prettier and prettier—had a pink neck and pink ears. We were in the pink, too, but it came out of a champagne bottle.

Picture making in Hollywood:

Hollywood sweaters under ninety-degree heat. Tay Garnett, comfortably clad in soft shoes, basket-weave trousers and an open-collared shirt, directs Loretta Young and David Niven on a sound stage at United Artists studios.

Miss Young wears a heavy ice-skating costume, woolen socks, heavy shoes, and a woolen cap. Niven is beautifully arrayed in a felt skiing costume, with similar accessories. As Garnett calls for action, the pair climbs into an ice boat on a platform backed by a process background.

Both are wilting. Make-up men take a last swipe at their perspiring faces. Garnett gives the signal for action. Through a huge canvas pipe is forced a blast of air. The sails of the ice boat bellow in the man-made draft.

"Thank heavens!" Loretta gasps. "I'd die if the sails didn't need wind."

We had the pleasure not long ago of watching Hedy Lamarr fish. And Jeppers Creepers, she's even beautiful when she's fishing, though what with live bait dangling in her hair and fish scales clinging to her slacks she doesn't exactly look like a close-up from "The Lady of the Tropics." Hedy's best "fish story" is about the three barracuda and three bass she caught all in one afternoon in Catalina waters. And hubby Gene Markey says it's true.

The following we snatched from Irving Hoffman's column in the Reporter. It seems too good to be true—but Ann swears it is true:

Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor recently bought a new house. They decided to furnish it gradually—doing the upstairs first. "You can sit on the floor and look at blank walls," Ann said to Roger, "and if your friends are real friends, they'll sit there, too. But you can't sleep on bare floors. We'll get the bedroom furniture first, then the downstairs." So they

furnished the upper floor completely, and left the lower rooms vacant—except for a radio.

Roger had to go out one night to talk to a producer, and he and Ann dined out that evening. He left her at the restaurant, and Ann said she'd go home and sleep, or listen to the radio. At 10:45 Roger wended his weary way homewards, saw that there was no light on upstairs, and decided his wife had gone to bed. He was about to open the door, when he heard voices inside, and he paused. "... What kind of a way is this to live, Annie?" a man's voice said. "Let me get you out of here and into a decent place!"

"I can't, I mustn't," a woman's voice replied. "It wouldn't be fair to. ..."

"... To that loafer, that orchestra leader!" the man scoffed. "That's silly, Ann. Silly! Come on, dear. Leave him a note and tell him what you've done. But hurry, he may be home any minute."

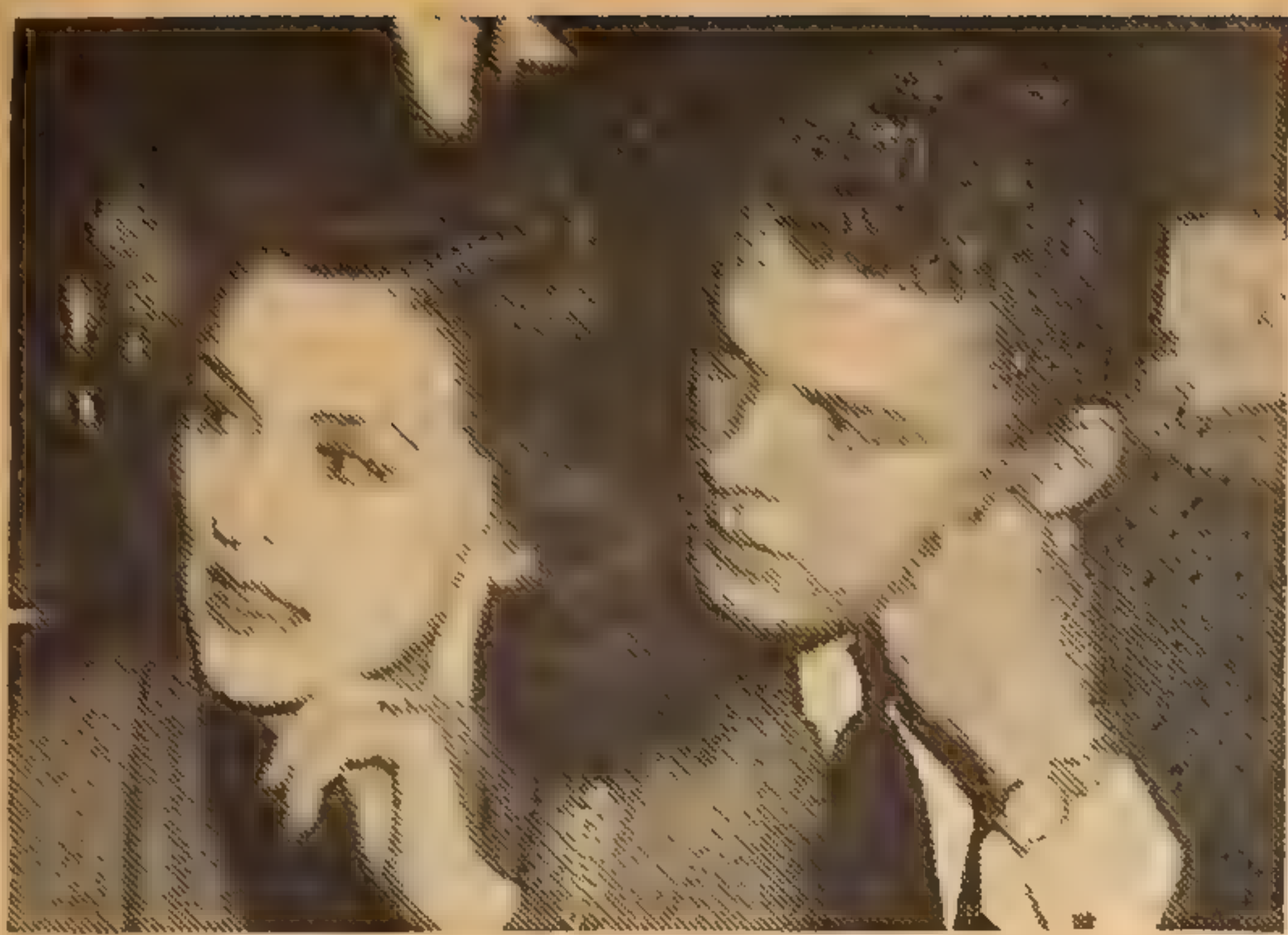
Roger was furious. He burst into the house yelling, "You're damned right he may be home any minute..."—and then he stopped. The voices emanated from the radio, which Ann had forgotten to turn off when she retired.

If you want to make friends and influence people, according to Ida Lupino, just learn to tell fortunes. Ida claims she doesn't know a thing about palmistry, really, but she has the uncanny faculty of being able to look at a person's pair of mitts—a person she hasn't even seen before—and telling them the most amazing things about themselves, and things they know to be true. Poor Ida. She hasn't been able to enjoy a party since someone discovered she could "read palms." A party to her is just a series of hands stuck under her nose. And her working companions are no more considerate than her party companions. When we visited her on "The Light That Failed" set not long ago great big hulks of electricians and painters were scrubbing away at their hands so they could submit them to Ida. By the way, Ronnie Colman claims that Ida gives a magnificent dramatic performance—and after the release of the picture she'll indubitably become one of the leading dramatic actresses in Hollywood. Look out, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.

Myrna Loy always insists on sitting in the right rear corner of the back seat of a car. She says it's some kind of carphobia, and the only phobia she has.

Baby Sandy seemed to have started a new trend when she played a boy in "East Side of Heaven" and became typed as a boy. Now Louis King, director of "Typhoon" has cast a young male chimpanzee, Skippy, as a little girl ape in the picture. Skippy seemed to sulk quite a bit over being made a sissy, however, and to assert his manhood the other day took a couple of socks at Dorothy Lamour who stars in the picture. Poor Dotty has now decided she is allergic to apes and won't go near one for love or money.





Nancy Kelly and Tommy Wonder looking quite intrigued at *Cafe La Conga*.

## Letter from Liza

[Continued from page 4]

our Helen Hayes has been playing Queen Victoria all over the place.) And it seems that the New Salem which the studio built some thirty miles out of Eugene is far more authentic, according to history (it has something to do with log cabins and stone chimneys), than the real New Salem—the production manager proved that to me, though I'm quite sure the real New Salem is going to be awfully mad when it hears about it.

Raymond Massey turned out to be a swell kind of guy with a grand sense of humor. Just to prove that he was a good sport he jumped in the pig pen and petted a few pigs while I took pictures. (I'll send you one—but none of those "hammy" captions now, Mr. Massey might be sensitive.) I chatted with pretty Mary Howard (wasn't she splendid in "Nurse Edith Cavell?") at a cocktail party that evening. Her petticoat was showing and I thought the womanly thing to do was to tell her. "Yes," she said, "Ten people have told me already. I like it that way."

### ANNOUNCEMENT

**W**INNERS OF THE ADJECTIVE CONTEST called *Can You Describe Erroll Flynn In One Sentence Using Just 20 Words* are listed below.

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#### SECOND PRIZE

(Man's wrist watch, valued at \$37.50)

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#### THIRD PRIZE

(Lady's wrist watch, valued at \$25.00)

Mrs. Laura E. Bjork

841 Millbury St., Worcester, Mass.

#### FOURTH PRIZE

(Man's wrist watch, valued at \$25.00)

Charles Edman

2627 Palmer Ave., New Orleans, La.

## No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



**E**VERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. More business girls—more

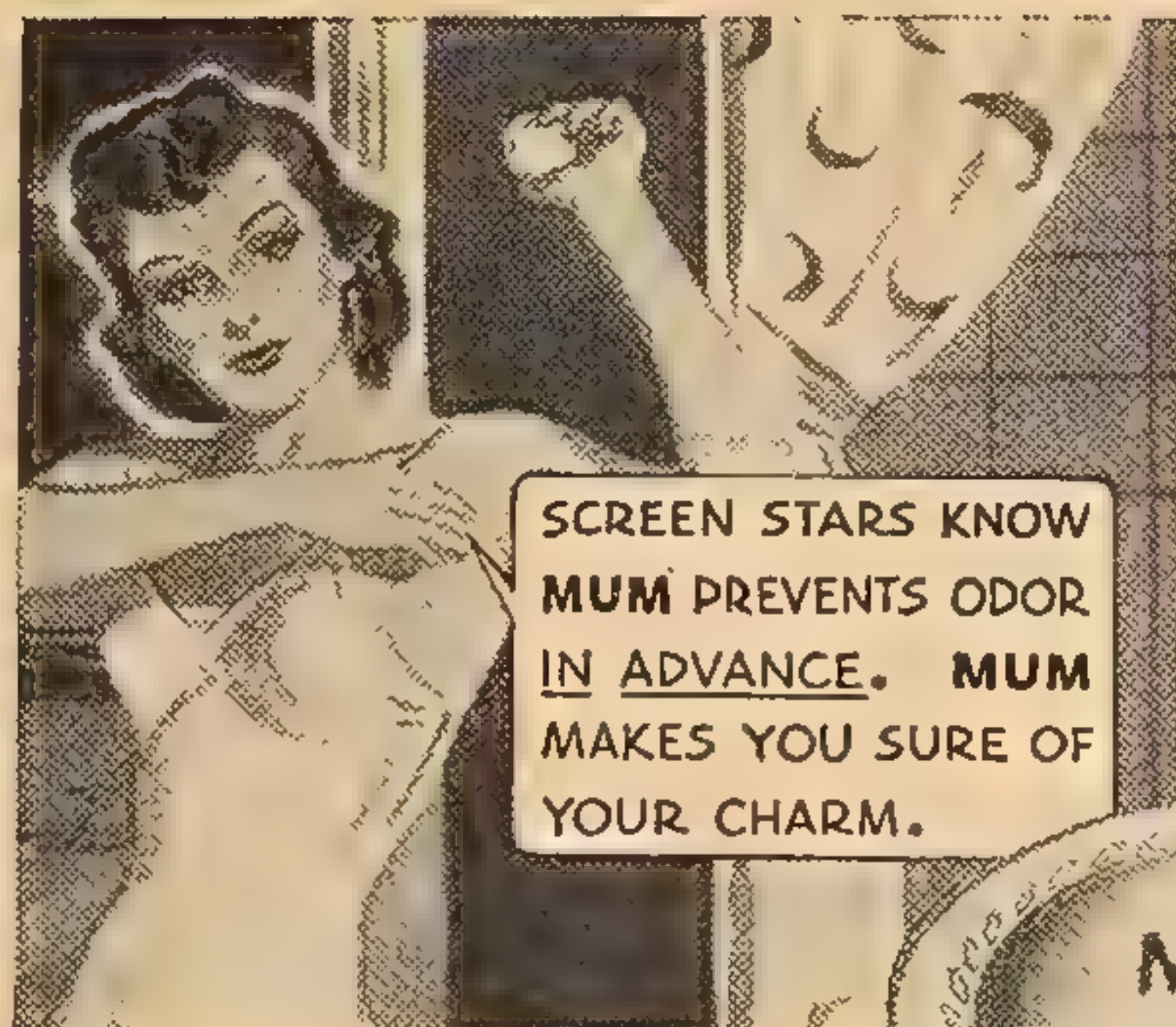
women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

**SAVE TIME!** Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

**SAVE CLOTHES!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

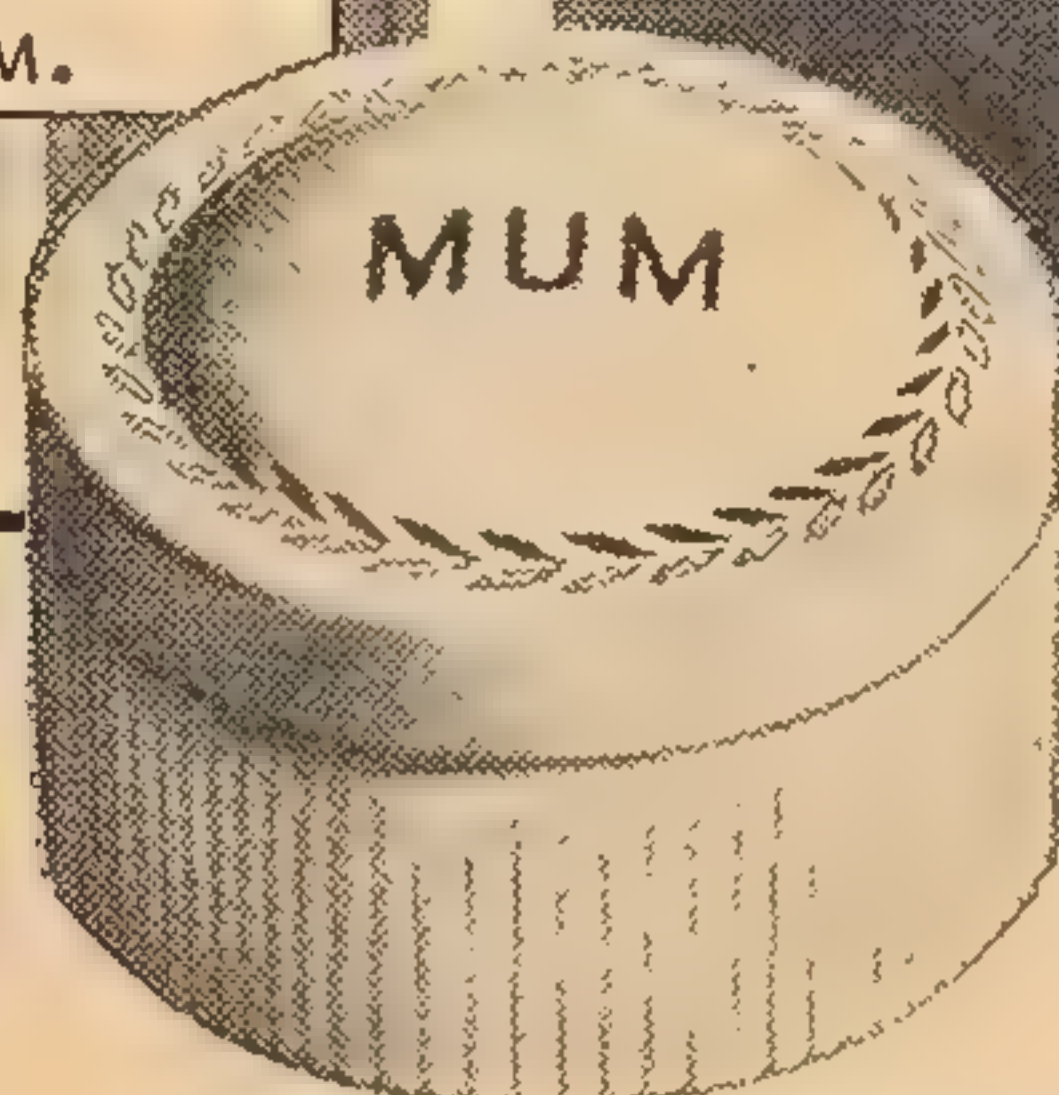
**SAVE POPULARITY!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

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MUM PREVENTS ODOR  
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MAKES YOU SURE OF  
YOUR CHARM.

TO HERSELF:  
IT'S HOURS SINCE I'VE  
HAD MY BATH, BUT  
THANKS TO MUM,  
I KNOW I'M SWEET.



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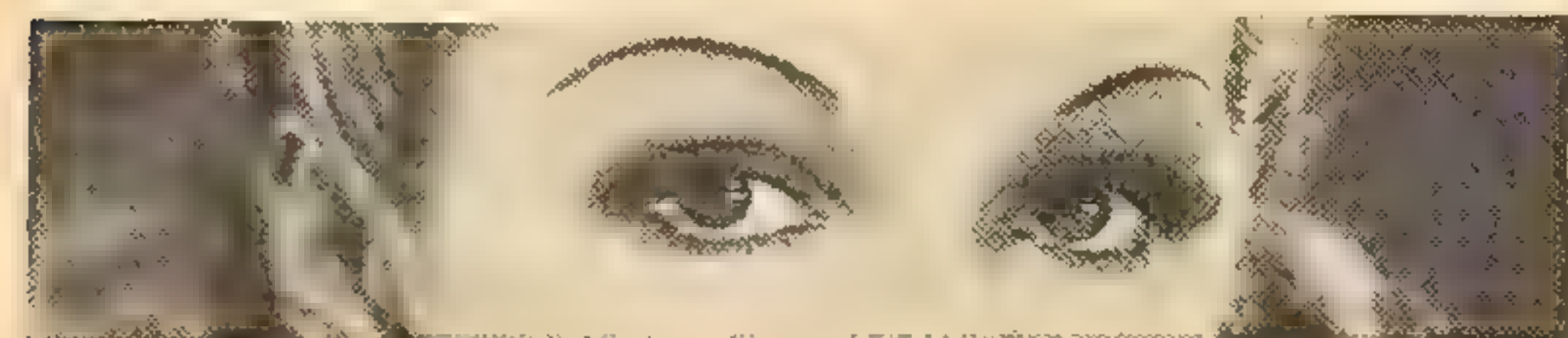
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The first step towards hair health is a good brushing, and Sheila Darcy, of Paramount, uses firm upward strokes to stimulate circulation and polish her hair.

## "Problem" Heads and Faces

**I** WAIT for every new Ginger Rogers picture with interest. For I know now that Ginger will introduce something charming and more than often very practical in the way of a hair-do. So many of Ginger's roles are those of modern girls. Formerly, Carole Lombard and Bette Davis did more with their hair than a magician with a pack of cards and a tall hat. Now, however, Ginger holds the hair-do spotlight. She has naturally lovely hair, to begin with, the first step toward personal appeal, if you ask me. This hair, however, is the result of constant and conscientious care to keep it healthy and beautiful. The all-seeing eye of the camera demands good hair for good photography, and the make-up studios know the importance of arrangement with regard to the shape of your face and features. There, in a nutshell, are the two steps toward making the most of your crowning glory.

To you who sometimes look in your mirror with discouragement, sigh and silently breathe a prayer for beauty, I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that you may already have it? None too obvious, perhaps; not cut to a standard pattern, but hiding there, awaiting only the emphasis of a certain line, a subtle touch of color, a change of hair to bring it forth? You may well wonder at the glorious changes you have seen in faces on the screen. All this, because keen, trained eyes saw how to accent a good

Some Aids In The Discovery Of That Beauty Of Which You Are Not Aware!

By Mary Lee



After her hair is set, she uses a comb to curl up the ends, for that natural, unstudied effect.



point, how to subdue a lesser one.

If you really want to restyle yourself, begin with your hair. The divinely colored, soft lustrous hair, we pass up, just as we do perfect faces. They are too much in the minority, and somehow it seems that most nice girls have problems.

First, let's try to develop really lovely hair to work on. A perfect permanent and a lovely arrangement are never a problem with this hair. Here, though, we are going to consider such everyday trials as:

Dry hair, usually dull, harsh and like straw. A new hat even emphasizes these points, instead of doing something for you. Often you bemoan its loss of rich color and shine and the embarrassing little flakes of dandruff that sift over your dark-clad shoulders. . . .

Oily hair, which you wash often enough but which a few days afterwards returns to its flat, dull lifelessness. You worry, too, about a thick, oily type of dandruff that covers your scalp. This hair gives you the willies, and in spite of otherwise good grooming makes you look careless. . . .

Extra-fine hair, a type you love to touch atop a three-year-old, but which on an adult is a distinct problem. Even a good permanent seems to cause these fine hairs to break or turn into a fuzz. . . .

Your bleached or dyed hair begins to tell the truth. Its natural life and lustre are gone; its tone, once so beautiful, now looks artificial and in poor taste. . . .

Now, every problem head listed above has something in common. These are known as "difficult" hair cases.

To return your hair to normal condition, to reveal some of its old beauty, I know of no better suggestion than making an appointment at once with your hairdresser for a Fitch Reconditioning Treatment. This treatment is the result of much highly scientific laboratory work and experimentation to discover the causes of prevalent hair ailments and to correct them. The treatment consists of an examination of scalp and hair, an elasticity test of your hair, an application on dry scalp and hair of that famous

[Continued on page 80]



For her type, Sheila finds this simple parted-in-the-middle style of hair-do the most flattering.

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FRANK CAPRA'S  
GREATEST  
ACHIEVEMENT

**O**ut of the hearts of its people  
... out of the very soil of America ... a  
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**MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON**

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**JEAN ARTHUR** ★ **JAMES STEWART**

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# Janet Does an Off to Yuma!

An exclusive interview  
with Janet Gaynor on  
her recent marriage to  
Adrian, the designer

By Liza

**T**HERE I sat in my office trying to decide whether to pierce my heart with my scissors, drink my glue, or merely drop myself off the window ledge into a revolting splash in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. (*"The Lady of the Tropics" was playing there, and Hedy Lamarr is one of my favorite people, and I wouldn't begrudge her picture a little extra publicity.*) Then the phone rang.

"Hello," I said dully, expecting nothing better than a policeman's benefit.

"You *can't* be important," came a cute voice I recognized as Janet Gaynor's, "or you wouldn't answer your own telephone. However, I'll take a chance on you. Give your typewriter a day off and come on down to the beach and let's have girlish confidences."

"You're the only nice thing that's happened to me in days," I said brightening, "I'll be right down." So postponing my suicide indefinitely I left for the beach. I had a hunch it was about a wedding. To get to the Gaynor's little blue and white beach house (*except it isn't so little*) you have to drive to Venice and then for several miles along the Speedway (*except it isn't a speedway*) to the 1500 block. I was promptly shown into Janet's bedroom upstairs which faces the ocean and which has recently been

As the wife of Adrian, Janet confessed to Liza that she looks forward to a richness and fullness of living she never could have known if she continued to live just by herself like a hermit.







It was just about a year ago that Janet and Adrian started "going together" and had the Hollywood gossips buzzing away over an exciting new romance.

decorated by Adrian in blue and white—blue being Janet's favorite color, as you've probably guessed by now.

Janet was packing like mad. All kinds of luggage was strewn around the room, and I haven't seen her so fluttery since the night of the preview of "A Star Is Born," when a gang of enthusiastic fans decided that bits of her dress and her hair were just what they needed for their memory books.

"Don't tell me," I said, flopping on a cushion, "Let me guess. You're getting married. You're eloping."

"Yes," Janet fairly gurgled. (*Oh, these in-love people!*) "Isn't it wonderful! A and I hadn't intended getting married until Thanksgiving. We were planning a quiet home wedding. But yesterday A discovered that he could get away for a month if he could finish up at the studio. So we've decided to drive to Yuma on Monday, take the train there for El Paso, Texas, and then on to Mexico City. Honeymoon in Mexico. Isn't it thrilling! A tells me that Mexico City is the most fascinating city in the world."

("A" stands for Adrian. Janet has a habit of calling her close friends by their initials. When she and Tyrone Power were going together she called him T.P.)

"This is the dress I'm going to wear," Janet said, holding up a polka-dotted blue of thin silk crepe. "A had planned to design my wedding dress for me. But now he hasn't time. I'm wearing this because it's the coolest dress I have in my wardrobe, and it's going to be awfully hot driving to Yuma. I ought to know—I've been on enough locations there. But never to the Justice of the Peace before. I probably won't wear a hat. Unless A insists. I never do."

While she dropped handkerchiefs, eau de cologne, tooth brushes, stockings, perfume, handsomely tailored (*Janet isn't the frilly type, thank goodness*) robes and underwear around in the different bags, she prattled on about happiness, love and marriage. And I think she's got something there.

"For my part," she said, "I feel that what happiness any person may experience must have its origin in one's own capacity for happiness. Wasn't it Lin Yutang who told us about the Chinese big-wig of the seventeenth century who found the height of happiness on a summer's day in cutting open a big green watermelon as it rested on a scarlet plate?" (*Me—I wouldn't be knowing about Lin Yutang, but Janet is a very erudite young lady.*) "So you see, Elizabeth, happiness is really a personal thing."

"Marriage is a matter of free and deliberate choosing in this modern day. To most people it is a gamble for happiness. I have a feeling that, in marriage, no matter how unevenly the days move along, and they are bound to be uneven in this complex scheme of today's living, it is in the regular give-and-take of activities that the real worth while pattern is woven."

"With A and me—now here you have two distinct individualities with separate and mutual interests—but we share them, and both enjoy what *we* feel is a rare companionship. We feel, too, that we are making an investment in faith, rather than the customary gamble for happiness. I sound awfully serious, don't I?" She giggled, and she has a most infectious giggle. "Well, I am serious."

And happy too, I thought. I haven't seen anyone radiate such happiness in years.

"A and I both love to travel and both of us have done a lot of it," she continued. "We expect to do a lot more. Travel does something to a person. At least it is a liberal education. Surely, anyone who can possibly afford it travels these days. I always feel as if I'd had the inside of my head re-decorated when I return from a trip, even if it's only up to Yosemite or over to Boulder Dam. You give your mental house an airing and you feel so refreshed. And how would you like to travel from that cushion over to this chair—you're sitting on my favorite scarf."

I moved off of a very gay red scarf and handed it to Janet, thinking of the old days when Janet, with her burnished-copper hair, wouldn't come within a mile of anything red. But Adrian told her to wear red—and she wears it.

"When you go to another country, as we are doing—going down to Mexico City—you learn about other people, their aims, their principles, their folklore and their art treasures. A finds inspiration for his work in visiting other countries and has always been an enthusiastic traveler and sightseer. And you know me. All you have to do is barely suggest a trip and I'm practically on the train. Just imagine! Four weeks of browsing about in Mexico City and all that fascinating country. Isn't it wonderful! And the next time A can get away from the studio we are going to Persia. Both of us have always wanted to go to Persia. Oh, honestly, Elizabeth, (*Continued on page 66*)



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Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

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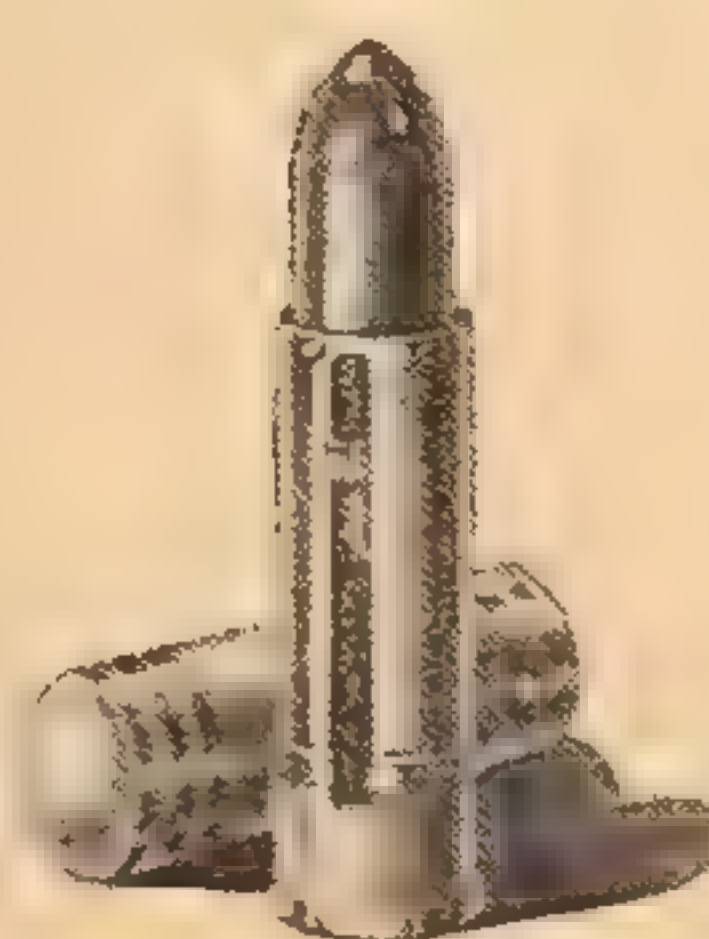
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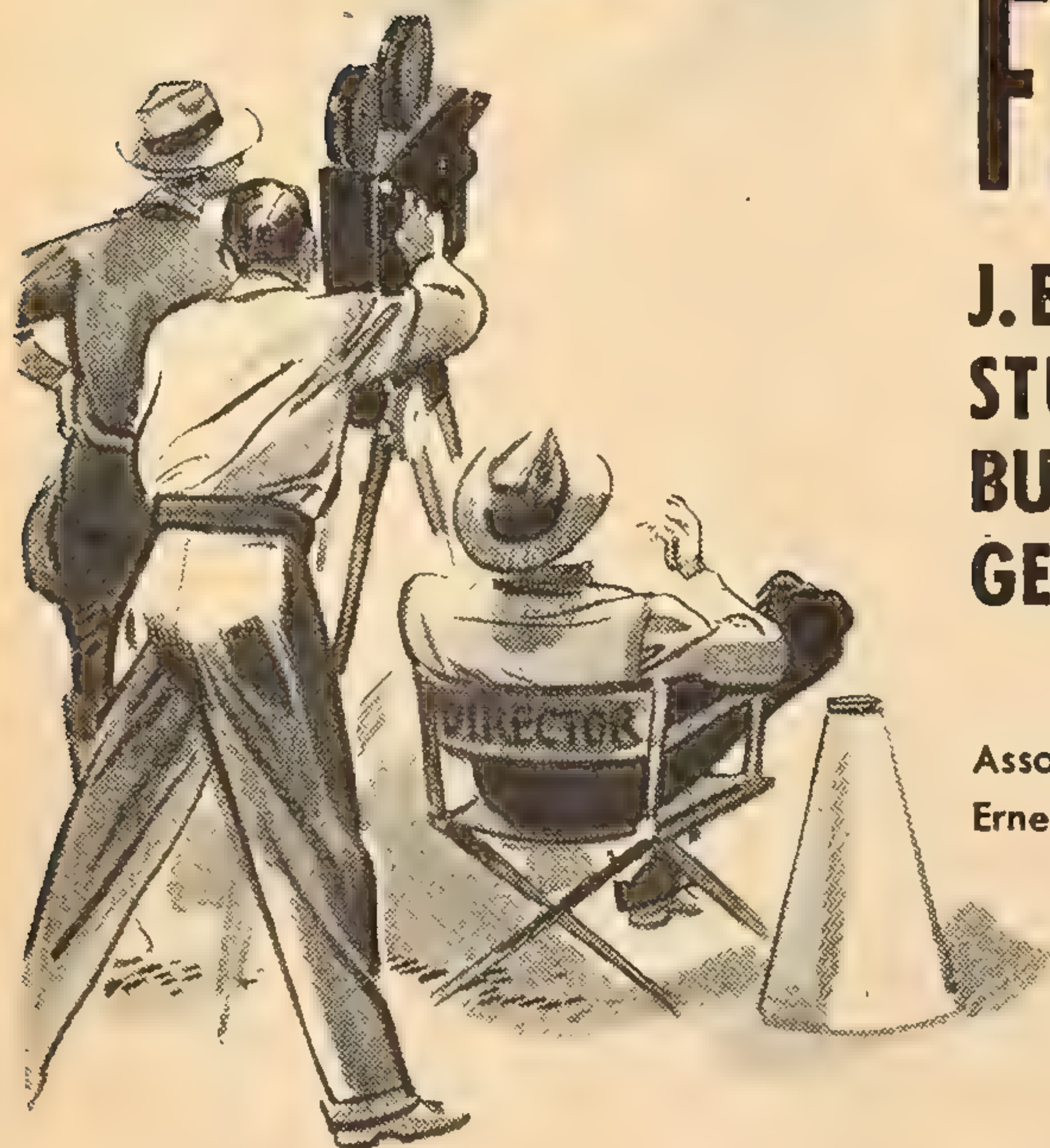
ALICE DON  
FAYE • AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS  
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY  
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MEEK  
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by  
Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes  
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture







# Silver Screen

## Topics For Gossip

*Upper left:* Frank McHugh, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and Boris Karloff at the Hollywood Legion Stadium for the Screen Actors Guild mass meeting. *Upper right:* Joan Bennett had two escorts for the "Old Maid" premiere, Walter Wanger and Connie's boy friend, Gilbert Roland.

*Right:* Shirley Ross, with her hubby Ken Dolan, thought for a moment she had the winning ticket in Troc's "sweepstakes," but no such luck. *Below:* Judy Garland looks on admiringly as Mickey Rooney smashes his way to victory in a table tennis match. They caused a sensation in New York recently with their personal appearance.



**T**HOSE new evening dresses that show several inches of flesh around the middle are becoming very popular in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard, who have slender waists and perfect sun tans, were the first to go for the new style—and had all the plump girls drooling with envy.

Ann Sheridan bought herself one of the new evening dresses the other day and set her heart on wearing it to the Ann Warner party. But Ann has been so busy working, rushing from one picture to another, that she hasn't had any time to get herself a sun tan. However, she was going to wear that dress or bust, so she solved the situation quite simply by having Westmore's do a special job of simonizing on her exposed five inches. You can imagine what five inches of Ann, even simonized, did to the menfolk at the party.

Before he left for the East Louis Bromfield (who thinks that Hollywood has done right by his popular "The Rains Came") offered a prize to anyone who would sort of accidentally set fire to Orson Welles' whiskers. The bearded Mr. Welles is quite a startling sight at Hollywood's smart premieres.

Mary Livingstone is very, very proud of her rhumba. She takes lessons continuously, even spent a small fortune on rhumba lessons from a professional dancer in the South of France when she and hubby Jack Benny were in Europe last. At present, she is enrolled in a rhumba







*Above:* Ann Sheridan is escorted to a Hollywood premiere by Anatole Litvak, whose wife, Miriam Hopkins, is in Reno getting a divorce. *Right:* Loretta Young getting ready for one of the magic scenes in "Eternally Yours." *Lower left:* Producer Joe Pasternak with Deanna Durbin enjoying Helen Parrish emote in "First Love." *Lower right:* Director Gregory Ratoff with Leslie Howard and Ingrid Bergman between scenes of "Intermezzo."

class in Hollywood, which also boasts of such celebrated pupils as Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, and Gracie Allen and George Burns.

"But heaven only knows," Mary lamented to us at a dinner party recently, "what good it does me to dance a perfect rhumba. The minute the orchestra starts playing rhumba music Jack bolts off the floor as if he were shot."

Hollywood has had its estates named "Rancho Mucha Costa," "Mortgage Manor," and even Edward Everett Horton's "Belly Acres" (he calls it that because he claims "belly laughs" enabled him to build it), but a new one has

popped up. It's "Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea," all year beach house of handsome David Niven.

"I chose the name," David declared, "because it's so pretty."

David shares the house with Walter Davis, motion picture production man, and Robert Coote, an English actor. David plans to build a home of his own as soon as he finds the right girl.

*Clark Gable is just an old softie. Olivia de Havilland made that discovery when she was working on "Gone With the Wind" with him. According to Olivia, (whose "Melanie," they say, is something out of this world it's so wonderful) there was an old worn-out horse, called "Marse Lee," used in the flight-from-Atlanta sequence. The horse was so skinny it's bones rattled, but everyone at the studio had definite instructions not to feed it as they had to keep him starved looking for the picture. Clark just had fits every time he had to look at the poor hungry old nag. So, as soon as the picture was finished Mr. Gable ups and buys "Marse Lee" and turns him loose out on the*

*Gable-Lombard pastures to eat his stomach full for the rest of his days.*

**D**AVID NIVEN, handsome and romantic (currently playing a magician in "Eternally Yours,"), admitted to us recently that he uses a set of rules which he applies to decide whether or not he will "date" a girl for the second time. David, one of the most eligible young Hollywood bachelors, has very definite ideas about how young women should conduct themselves.

"I'm far from perfect myself, and definitely annoying to the weaker sex, I know," he said. "Furthermore, not only do I have a considerable number of bad habits, but a collection of phobias, also."

As far as the weaker sex is concerned, he never calls on a girl for the second time who:

1. Asks him to go shopping with her.
2. Asks him to carry bundles or packages of any kind.
3. Requests that he fill his pockets full of her personal impedimenta, such as lipstick, purse, rouge, etc.
4. Is constantly asking him for a cigarette.







#### 5. Makes-up in public.

"Those are pretty serious things with me," the British star said. "I can think of a dozen reasons why a girl wouldn't go out with me a second time—you'd be surprised to know how many haven't—and I'm no angel. But those are the rules, I stick to 'em, and I suppose they'll finally result in permanent bachelorhood for me." Well, girls, now you know.

Before leaving for Europe following the extremely gala premiere of her first Hollywood made picture, "Nurse Edith Cavell," lovely Anna Neagle took time off to straighten out a Hollywood controversy concerning the correct pronunciation of her name. She is most often addressed, she says, as "Miss Nagle," while the true pronunciation is Neagle as in eagle. In explanation, she told a bit of family history:

"Anna Neagle is my mother's name, which I took as my stage name. The earliest known ancestor on my mother's side won his name by rescuing a child from the talons of an eagle. According to custom, his name became O'Neagle

because he was Irish. The name has remained with the family ever since."

And by the way, just in case you're like us and always called it Edith Ca-VELL—you're wrong. The correct pronunciation of England's brave nurse who faced a German firing squad in Belgium during the War is Edith CAV-ell, as in ravel.

Before leaving for London Madeleine Carroll had this to say on the oft debated subject of whether or not a married woman should work.

"It is a ridiculous idea that a woman must stay at home because she is married," Miss Carroll asserted. "If an unmarried woman can be a successful author, or painter, or sculptor, or musician—as so many are—nobody objects. But let a married woman take a job as a secretary, a teacher—even a clerk—and she finds herself, very definitely, a storm center.

"There is no question of 'stealing' a job, or keeping a man from working. You'll usually find that the married girl and her husband are carefully saving to-

Above: Eddie Cantor in a bit of tomfoolery with Mary Livingstone Benny at the Benny Goodman opening at Victor Hugo's. Left: Betty Grable, at Atlantic City's famous Steel Pier, learns the "Triangle," (a Continental dance in which a man has two girl partners) with Betty Hutton and Walter as Vincent Lopez plays. Lower right: June Preisser prepares her Pinky for M-G-M camera. Lower left: Bob Hope is made Indian Chief at N. Y. World's Fair.

wards the time when they can have a home and a family. When they reach that point, their savings will put many men to work in the building of that home. If the girl chooses to continue working—then usually she gives employment to someone—maids, gardeners, cooks, some sort of household workers—to take care of her home for her.

"If a millionaire has a son," she pointed out, "no one objects when the son seeks employment, even though his father can support him. Why should a millionaire's daughter, or a woman in ordinary circumstances, be denied the same right to earn money?"





# Family Secrets About

ONE of the most attractive young girls in Hollywood today is Ann Power, sister of the famous Tyrone. Ann was born on La Brea Avenue in Hollywood on August 26, 1915, which makes her exactly one year and four months younger than her brother Ty—who, incidentally, first saw the light, literally and not spiritually, in Cincinnati.

The first time I saw Ann she was in a picture frame on Ty's dresser in the bedroom of his beautiful new home out in Brentwood. (*What was I doing there? Annabella was showing me around. Wouldn't you know!*) Recently I had the pleasure of meeting her—a tall, slender girl with big dark eyes like her brother's—and over a crab salad and endless cups of coffee (*she's a worse chain coffee drinker than Barbara Stanwyck, holder of the present championship*) we engaged in a bit of idle chitchat, which wasn't idle very long.

Being one of those women (*and there must be a million of us*) who simply goes stark, staring mad over the very mention of Tyrone Power I tricked Ann into telling me some of the family secrets about that brother of hers, whom I suspected wasn't the little angel in his childhood that his pictures, with that cherubic expression, might lead one to believe. Ann and Ty spent their childhood and early teen age together romping over Southern California, with frequent trips to Ohio to visit a grandmother and aunts and

uncles. As the twig is bent so grows the trees, or something, I always say, so I was eager to hear about the early traits of that Power kid who turned out well in spite of what some of the neighbors predicted.

"At the close of the war," said Ann, "Mother was asked to take an important role in John Stephen McGroarty's famous 'Mission Play' which is staged annually in San Gabriel, California. She remained a member of the company for five years and Tyrone and I lived with her in the close-by town of Alhambra.

"While Mother was away at the theatre, Tyrone and I found plenty of mischief to get into. Tyrone had seen pictures in a book of some children in the East having a snowball fight. It looked like fun. But he couldn't find any snow in Alhambra. Oranges, he decided, would be just as effective as snowballs, and oranges, as you know, are quite plentiful in that section of California. He stripped a few trees and the battle took place one afternoon in the back yard.

"It was girls versus boys, and ripe oranges were bursting all over the place, but mainly all over our faces. On my team was a little girl who didn't like Tyrone—the *only* little girl, or big girl, I ever knew who didn't like my brother—and she simply couldn't resist picking up a brick and hurling it at Tyrone's head. It clipped him on the forehead, he was knocked out cold, and the doctor had to take several stitches. After that

he lost interest in oranges, but not in little girls.

"Mother had several pieces of antique furniture in our living room which she valued very much, a chair in particular, and for that reason we had been told never to play in that room. We had a tremendous back yard and front yard, but of course it had to be the living room that Tyrone and several little boys from his school chose for a very exciting football game one afternoon. In the excitement Tyrone kicked the chair instead of the ball and it broke in seven places. He knew Mother would be furious so he make me cross my heart and hope to die that I wouldn't tell, and then he proceeded to nail it together with some huge nails he found in the garage. 'It's so old,' he said contemptuously, 'a few nails won't be noticed.' But Mother did notice and Tyrone got a good paddling."

It seems that the "trade" instinct came out in Tyrone at a very early age. He was always trying to "sell" something, and if he hadn't become an actor he would probably have made one of those smooth talking super salesmen. (*Mercy, he could have sold me anything!*) His first venture in the business world was a lemonade stand on the front lawn. Ann squeezed the lemons and washed the glasses and swished at the flies. Ty watered the lemonade profusely from the garden hose, and sold it. People actually bought it—five cents a small glass, ten cents a big glass [Continued on page 62]

Lower left: Tyrone when he was "going on four." Below: With his lovely wife, Annabella, while they were in New York prior to sailing for Europe. Lower right: On board the S. S. Normandie for their honeymoon trip. It is rumored they are expecting an heir during the early months of 1940.



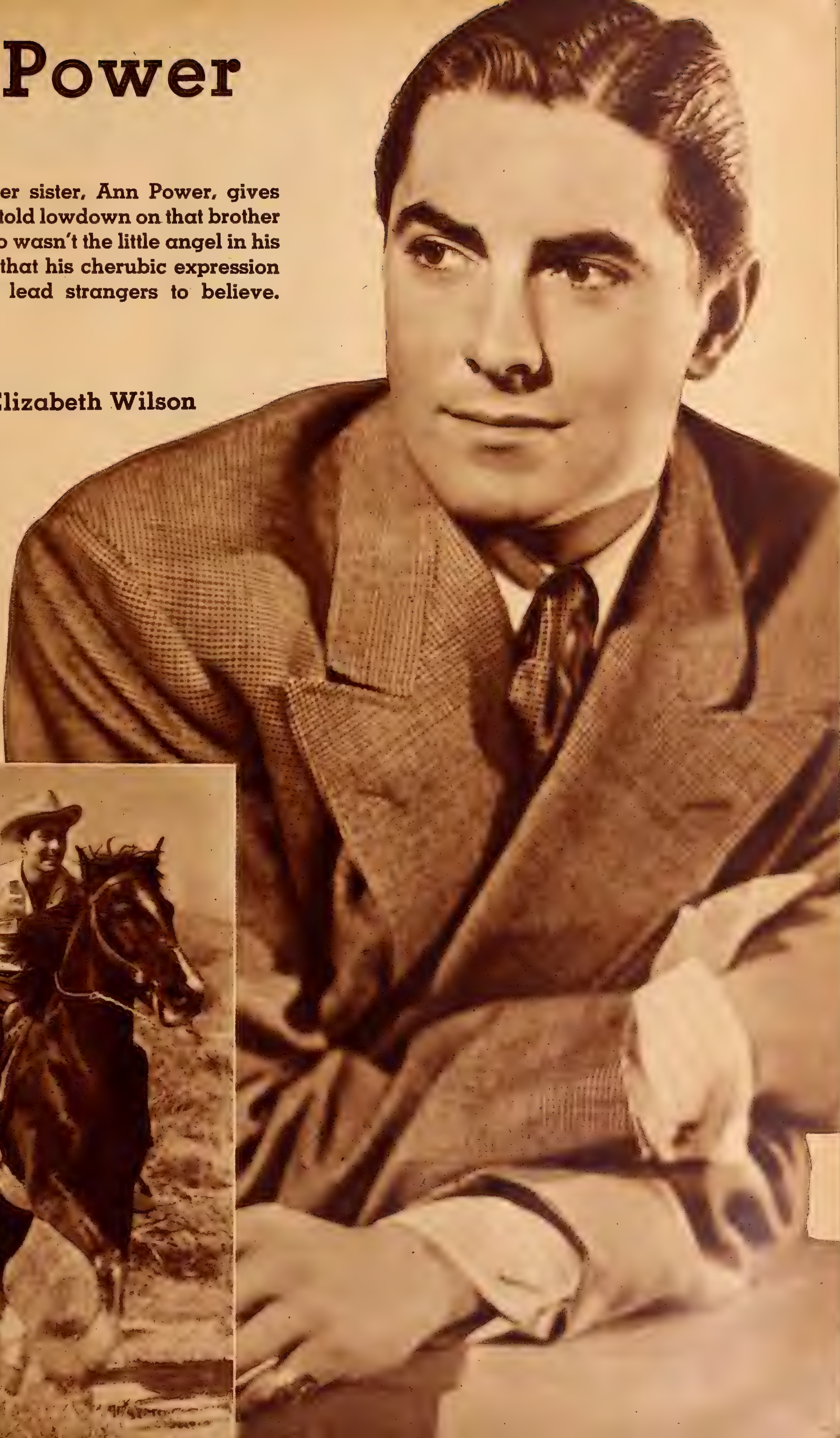


# Ty Power

His younger sister, Ann Power, gives you the untold lowdown on that brother of hers who wasn't the little angel in his childhood that his cherubic expression invariably lead strangers to believe.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Tyrone always has been a terrible tease, according to his sister. As a child he had a vivid imagination. His folks called it *fibbing*. Even today when he is making up a beautiful whopper you can detect that quirk around his lips if you look closely. Tyrone is still loyal to old friends.





# What Really Makes



Exotic Dorothy Lamour, who should and does know all the answers on the subject of allure, herewith supplies them—and without mincing words

**I**S IT one unique quality, or the alchemy of many that forms the magic elixir that makes a woman dangerous? Is the Lorelei song, which creates emotional havoc and writes enduring dramas, the same throughout the ages? Are the sirens of today gifted with the same sorcery that aided the Queen of Sheba in winning Solomon, Cleopatra in bringing the mighty Antony to his knees, and Good Queen Bess in keeping the dashing Essex dangling at her side? Or does feminine allure change with the times?

These, and many more were the questions I asked Dorothy Lamour, the screen's premiere interpreter of vampish roles.

Dorothy, as modern as tomorrow, insists that the realm of emotions defies rules and guide posts, because no two people have the same reactions, regardless of the century in which they live. She believes, however, that potentially every woman has the same emotional equipment, but that each molds it into a different pattern. Also, that no woman can awaken deep emotion without the capacity of experiencing it herself.

She's never quite recovered from the surprise of finding herself classed as super-allurement. She insists it was all a mistake. Just a green kid, burning with ambitions, she jumped from singing ballads, with Herbie Kay's orchestra, into pictures with no emotional preparedness, and her very first scene before the camera was trying to win the affections of a lion. She was so terribly frightened that she gave a brilliant exhibition of primitive emotions that won her the scanty sarong, the picturesque costume of the South Sea belles, and the leading role in the picture "The Jungle Princess." In this, she went right on being primitive and was so altogether lovely, that Paramount studio hastily hunted up more jungle romances in which to star Dorothy and her sarong.

"My experiences are limited to my screen roles," said Dorothy, "but I give

To herself, a woman's emotions are always important and she never wearies of studying them," says Dorothy. "The mad hot chase for a man is the only real outlet certain women have for self-expression."



# a Woman Dangerous?

them much thought and in trying to find the key to their reactions I read innumerable biographies of women whose enchantment made history. I've learned this. That human nature changes little through the centuries, and emotions remain the same; it is only our method of expressing them that varies.

"A woman's femininity is her greatest lure. There never was a time when men did not fall for frills, daintiness, fragrance, curves—all the qualities in direct contrast to their own. Naturally, sex is of supreme importance; it enters into every human relationship, but men seldom like to discover it themselves. Mystery does its bit, too, and excitement that lures to conquest is fatal. Men have a limitless curiosity and a compelling yen to seek thrills amid dangers, if there is a reward waiting.

"No, it is no one weapon that the dangerous woman uses. She must have infinite resources, because she must meet

every mood, every background, every challenge, and while many women are born with the come-hither qualities that attract men, others must cultivate them, but the result is the same. European men seek sweethearts, Americans like pals—companions to share their sports. In the Orient, women are toys—and slaves.

"To herself, a woman's emotions are always important and she never wearies of studying them. The mad, hot chase for a man is the only outlet certain women have for self-expression. Maybe this all started when women were chattels, and the only means of gaining favors and privileges was to win over the 'head man!'

"Of course," (*Continued on page 64*)

**Right:** Dorothy being definitely dangerous, herself, in a love scene with Ray Milland. **Below:** "Americans like pals, companions to share their sports," explains Dorothy, "but, naturally, they realize sex is of supreme importance."

**By Maude Cheatham**





Mr.

# Stewart

*Upper left:* When Jimmy arrived in Washington, the first autograph he gave was to Clara May Hild, airline hostess, who waited until then to ask for it. *Lower left:* Jean Arthur saw Jimmy to the airport when he had to fly to Washington for five days of special shots for "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."



**J**IMMY STEWART doesn't want to be President.

In fact, he doesn't even want to be a Congressman or the Mayor of Van Nuys, Studio City or any of the other Hollywood suburbs that elect stars as public officials.

For Jimmy has just completed 89 days of being Senator Jeff Smith in Frank Capra's production, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." For 89 days he made political speeches, shook hands with constituents and avoided lobbyists in Hollywood's letter-perfect reproduction of the nation's Capitol.

Then, to climax it all, Senator Stewart flew across the continent to make final scenes for the picture in Washington itself. After five days of that city's unbearable heat and humidity, Jimmy is certain that he desires no further contact with the public speaking and baby-kissing profession—a decision that definitely gives the babies of the nation something less to look forward to.





# oes to Washington

ough official Washington and the  
ss went crazy over Jimmy and his  
as, he behaved like any other sightseer

By David Tearle

t while he would not want to adopt politics  
career, Jim does admit that playing the part  
senator has its points. Especially since the  
or in question did his work under the guid-  
of Frank Capra, the "great little guy" whose  
of hits includes "It Happened One Night,"  
Deeds Goes To Town" and "You Can't  
It With You."

ator Stewart was perfectly willing to talk  
*at anything, but politics*) between scenes in  
ington. And despite the fact that his vaca-  
began the minute shooting was completed,  
owed no impatience when clouds in front  
e sun prolonged the work in Washington  
an expected two days to nearly a week.

that is the kind of a person that tall, lanky,  
ing Jimmy Stewart is. Perfectly at ease with  
ramatic editors, reporters and cameramen  
logged his footsteps in Washington, he won  
admiration of them all. One editor described  
as the most likeable and least "actorish"  
he had ever met. They all agreed that he  
completely modest, thoroughly engaging  
man.


ne 500 fans waited (Continued on page 67)

**Below:** Director  
Frank Capra discus-  
sing the script of  
"Mr. Smith Goes to  
Washington," with  
Jimmy Stewart and  
Jean Arthur. Jimmy  
plays the part of a  
very young senator.



Jimmy got just as  
big a kick out of  
Washington, D. C.,  
as Washington,  
D. C., got out of  
him. (The Lincoln  
Memorial impressed  
him most of all). It  
was his second visit.  
The first time was  
during the World  
War when, as a  
kid, he came to see  
his father who was  
then in the army.






## JOAN BENNETT

Joan plays the title role in "The Housekeeper's Daughter," a spicy and romantic comedy, directed and produced by Hal Roach. Her tresses remain dark for the role and it's getting so you can't tell whether or not Joan looks like Hedy Lamarr or Hedy Lamarr looks like Joan.





## JANE WYMAN

Jane's latest picture is "Kid Nightingale." She's also doing the Torchy Blaine series. St. Joseph, Missouri, is her home town and when she lived there she was known as Sarah Jane Folks, which happens to be her right name. She attended Columbia College in Missouri and was invariably leading lady in all of the campus plays. Ronald Reagan is still her No. 1 boy friend.





## LORETTA YOUNG

Lovely Loretta's latest offering is "Eternally Yours," in which she is co-starred with David Niven. He plays the part of a magician, with Loretta as his assistant. She falls in love with him, becomes his wife and learns that it's quite a trick to hold your man in these gay days.



**ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!**

There's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!  
America at its maddest! America at its merriest...  
The land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday  
of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days  
Men took ten whole years to lick!

Far the biggest of all  
Hollywood's big hits!

**JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE**

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!



**THE ROARING TWENTIES**



Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with  
**HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE**  
**FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY**  
Directed by Raoul Walsh  
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen  
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger



# LESLIE HOWARD AND INGRID BERGMAN

When David O. Selznick saw Ingrid Bergman in an original Swedish film entitled "Intermezzo," he was so deeply impressed that he immediately bought the film all rights and summoned her to Hollywood to play opposite Leslie Howard in an American version. It was an inspired bit of casting, for Ingrid and Leslie are as the unfortunate lovers. Edna Best is cast as his





HENRY  
FONDA  
and  
CLAUDETTE  
COLBERT

"Drums Along the Mohawk,"  
adapted from the best-selling novel  
of the same name, co-stars Henry  
Fonda and Claudette Colbert. He  
plays the part of a young farmer  
in the Mohawk Valley during  
the Revolutionary Days, who  
marries Claudette, a cultured Al-  
bany belle, and takes her back to  
the hardships of farming. They are  
hardly settled when the treacherous  
Indian raids start. All of which is  
about, but not quite, sufficient  
to break her spirit, thanks to Henry.



WHO'S THE HERO OF  
EVERY GAME?

Not the man who makes the goal—not the boys who  
buck the line—but *energy*. In play or work every-  
one needs it. Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose, is a real  
source of food-energy. It's fine candy—and fine  
food for young and old. Have you had a bar lately?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

**Dextrose**

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY  
USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY







We  
Point  
With  
Pride

TO  
JOAN  
CRAWFORD

THERE never has been a better known name in pictures than Joan Crawford's. Nor has any actress ever worked more diligently to make her name famous. Naturally, along the bewildering road to fame one is called upon to make consequential decisions. Joan was no exception. She had to make many. Some turned out to be rather unwise, with discouraging results. A less spirited person would have given up, but not Joan. Just when the wisecracks would start whispering that her career was finished, she'd come crashing back with a brilliant performance, such as she gives in "The Women," and re-establish every bit of her enormous popularity. Maligned, misunderstood, nevertheless Joan courageously fights on to new and greater triumphs. No wonder we're proud of her.



The famous bath tub scene from "The Women," which Joan appears with Rosalind Russell. Joan's part is unsympathetic, but she plays it so convincingly that you can't possibly hold ill will toward her. According to the part was one of the smartest moves Joan ever made as it again gives her the opportunity to show us an outstanding actress she is.



# Farmer Gable

## and His Wife



**T**HEY really live on a ranch, but Carole and Clark call it "The Farm." It has fourteen acres in Encino, California, and they bought it from Director Raoul Walsh, who used to live there. Their house isn't very large, but it's built for comfort and informality. Carole and Clark did all of the furnishing and decorating themselves. There's a large main living room with a small adjacent bar; a cozy dining room, off which is the kitchen and butler's pantry; two small cellar rooms, one of which Clark calls his "gun room" and the other "the office" because that's where they keep all bills and data about their farm. Upstairs are two bedrooms, two baths and two dressing rooms and that's all. They raise chickens and flowers mostly. Clark has taken over the actual management of the place and knows exactly what he's about, since originally he came from a farm. Just about every fruit and vegetable you can think of grows on the place. They couldn't be happier, these typical farmers, which is well to remember as you see Clark in "Gone With the Wind" and Carole in "Vigil in the Night."



# He's Always Thinking of The Other Fellow

Because Joel McCrea never has forgotten how grateful he, himself, was when the other fellow lent a helping hand as he was struggling to establish himself in heartless Hollywood

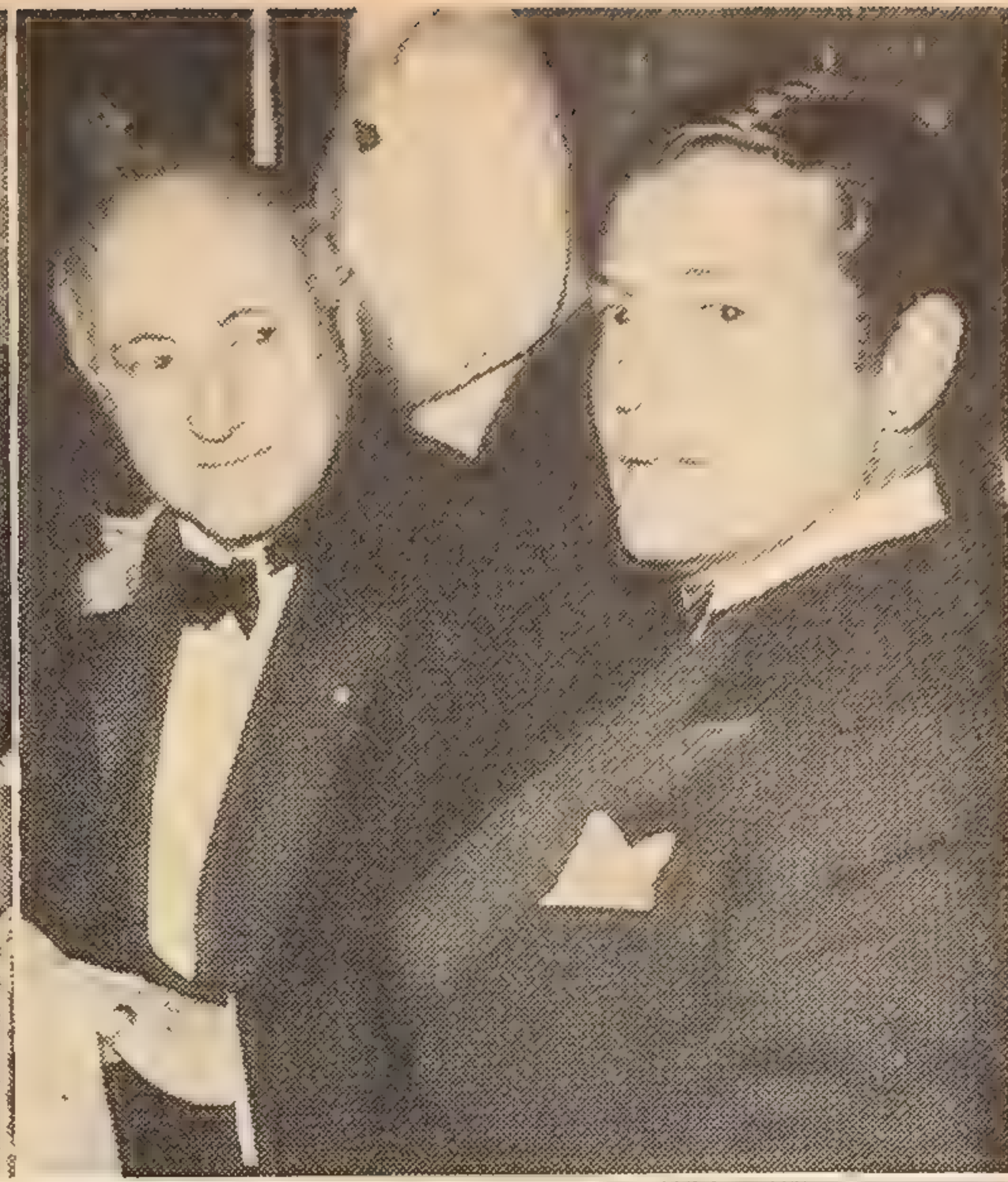
By

Ben Maddox

Joel is always boosting the stock of fellow players. It was his pep talk that put Lew Ayres back in the running again. Jon Hall and Bruce Cabot owe their start in movies to Joel.







ONE of the girls who didn't get into "Gone With the Wind" was Joel McCrea's protégé.

You didn't know he had one?

Neither did anyone else, including the sixteen-year-old herself!

She had been out to the Selznick studio three times before, vainly trying to tell the very busy casting director that she could play the rôle of Scarlett's sister Careen. She had been magnificently ignored, being nobody.

But when she walked in for the fourth time, bravely, in her best dress, her new hat, and smiling uncertainly, a miracle followed. An impressive, smart gentleman stepped up to her, briskly announced that he had been sent by Joel McCrea's agent, and whisked her straight into the guarded inner office of the casting mogul. That important person looked at her with genuine interest. He would be glad to talk to her about the part. Why hadn't she said she was Mr. McCrea's protégé in the first place?

Dumbfounded, Beverly Andre started foolishly to open her mouth and wave her hands. Fortunately she remembered fluttering would be appalling at that moment. She swallowed hastily, and blurted, "Well, I really didn't—I mean, I didn't think it would make any difference, I guess!"

No difference? An appointment was immediately made for her to give a reading of the character before the director of the picture and David Selznick, the producer. She was carefully made-up, and gowned by the wardrobe department. In the end Ann Rutherford was assigned the rôle, but today a talented beginner is no longer stamped as merely an extra in Hollywood. She is on her way to amounting to something, having been seriously considered for a real part. She is still an unknown, but she blooms with a new confidence that is bound to bring her eventual success.

I asked Joel about her. A much bigger man physically than you even expect, he twisted his huge frame in a dressing-room chair that is too small for him.

"Her father stands in for me. Her mother has been my secretary for two years. They would never ask for favors, but when I happened to hear that Beverly was in earnest about getting that part I did what I could. Why shouldn't I?"

You've heard how cruel they are in

*Above:* Joel and Brenda Marshall get a few last minute touches for a scene in "Career Man." Joel was most helpful to Brenda in this, her screen debut. *Upper right:* With his pal, Cecil B. De Mille. *Right:* At his ranch with his lovely wife, Frances Dee. *Lower right:* Joel discussing the script of "Career Man" with Director Lloyd Bacon and Dialogue Director Jo Graham. He loves his work.

Hollywood, how an ambitious person struggles against selfishness and cynicism. Joel confounds that prevalent theory. He speaks from his own experience. "If I decided to spend the rest of my life being appreciative to the people who went out of their way to help me I wouldn't have enough time! I can think of at least eighty men and women right off who have befriended me.

"There was Sam Wood, the director, who liked me in a college show and introduced me to Gloria Swanson. She gave me a letter to producer Bill LeBaron. C. B. DeMille gave me my first contract. One after the other volunteered to assist me. I wanted to be an actor, I said so, and if you have potentialities and are sincere and open to suggestion I think you automatically win your opportunities. When I was doing 'Career Man' for Warners, recently, I remembered how I'd worked as an extra on their lot. Billie Dove was one of the top stars there then. So was Colleen Moore. I was playing a bit, a taxi driver, in one of Colleen's pictures when she noticed me and asked John McCormick, her husband and the studio manager then, to test me. He did. His verdict was, 'He stinks!' I'm glad I didn't smell quite that bad to myself. Later McCormick became an agent and wanted to handle me!"

A star as well set as McCrea can choose his companions from among the wealthiest sophisticates. Regularly Joel goes hunting and fishing, and his buddy on these trips is not a man of influence, but Carl Andre, his stand-in. They pack back into the High Sierras where, Carl swears, Joel is a genius at cooking a venison steak over a campfire. When Joel is not working, and is at home on his ranch forty miles north of Hollywood, Carl can keep up his riding in Hollywood—because he has "the grand horse Joel gave me."

This democratic independence that distinguishes Joel is no new phase. The Arnold Grey chap- (Continued on page 60)





# "All Flew Into The

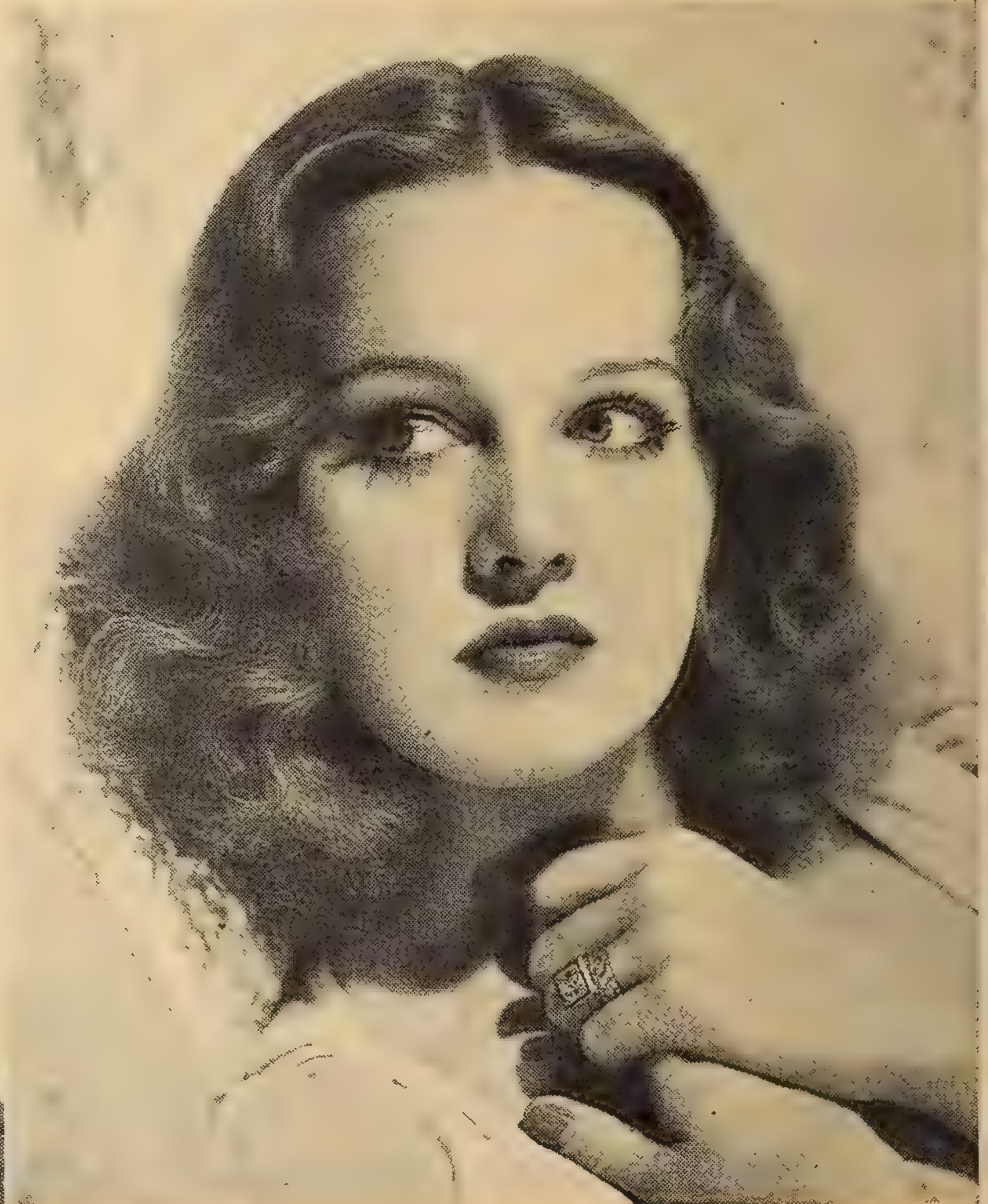
The fascinating story of how four totally different "unknowns" flew, overnight, to the heights of stardom!

By  
Gladys Hall

ONE flew East, one flew West, they all flew into the Cuckoo's nest. . . . I don't know why I'm minded of the old nursery rhyme, it isn't really apposite, except that Brenda Marshall flew in from the Island of Negros in the Philippines. Linda Darnell flew in from Dallas, Texas, Brenda Joyce flew in from Kansas City, Missouri, Helen Gilbert from Warren, Ohio, and they all flew into the Cuckoo's Nest (*which is Hollywood, of course*) and right into the warm, feathered, snug and starry center of the nest, at that.

For not one of the girls had ever made a picture before and, Presto, Abracadabra and all that, Brenda Marshall landed in *Career Man*, playing opposite Joel McCrea; Linda Darnell became a famous name upon the release of her very first picture, titled *Hotel For Women*; Brenda Joyce "stuck in her thumb and pulled out a plum," as Fern, in *The Rains Came*, and Helen Gilbert

Left: Brenda Joyce flew in from Kansas City. Above: Linda Darnell came in from Dallas, Texas. Lower left: Brenda Marshall flew in from the Philippines. Below: Helen Gilbert, who comes from Warren, Ohio.





# Cuckoo's Nest!"

flew spang into the arms of Mickey Rooney in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever*. No languishing in studio stock companies for the likes o' them; no extra work; no "bit" parts; no "B's"; no cooling off of heels while waiting for a break, a chance, a part, while the lag-gard months make a long year, as was the fate of Greer Garson, for instance, such as has been the fate of many trained actors and actresses. And if this isn't landing ker-plunk into the very featheriest center of the Cuckoo's Nest, you tell me . . .

Really, I never heard of such a thing. Or of such things. Here they are, these fledglings, these Unknowns, these babes, these novices, literally flying into the stars. Here they are, fresh out of rompers, their names on all movie-minded tongues before they had time to lisp the movie jargon themselves, before they even learned that a "dolly" is not a bisque plaything, that a "penguin" is not a bird but a dress extra in tails. . . . Here they are, with long-term contracts in their slim slacks' pockets, such acclaim and recognition and fat parts accorded them as only come, we have been wont to believe, to those who have sweated up the ladder, rung by rung. It's fabulous. It's fairy-tale stuff. It's unbelievable and—it's true.

And they flew in, all four of them, by different routes, from different backgrounds, with dissimilar types of beauty, with different luggage of hopes and dreams and abil- (Continued on page 70)



*Above:* Helen Gilbert believes Fate made it all possible. *Right:* Brenda Marshall thinks Determination did the trick. *Lower left:* Linda Darnell says it's Naturalness. *Lower right:* Brenda Joyce insists it's ability to make friends.





# Meet *Miss* Connecticut Yankee

Rosalind Russell is a Waterbury, Connecticut, girl whose mother was vehemently opposed to any sort of theatricals.





## By Ed Sullivan

For all her well bred gentility, Rosalind Russell knows what she wants and can fight like the very mischief to get it!



*Upper left: Rosalind loves to ride and swim. Above: With Director George Cukor and Hedda Hopper on "The Women" set. Right: In England with the popular Robert Donat with whom she appeared in "The Citadel."*

**W**HILE they were filming "The Women," at M-G-M, Director George Cukor kept stressing the necessity for realism. Time and again, Cukor told Rosalind Russell and Paulette Goddard that their hair-pulling match lacked authenticity. "When you kick her, Paulette," suggested the director, "put some oomph into your kick. Hurt her." Paulette, thus encouraged, in the next take hauled off and kicked Rosalind Russell directly on the shin. "That's better," said Cukor, encouragingly. "Not quite right, but better." He took the scene again. Miss Goddard landed another well-placed kick on the Russell shinbone.

The next setup put the shoe on the other foot. Miss Russell was called upon to bite Paulette's leg as they struggled on the ground. For the behind-the-scenes records of Hollywood, let it be here stated that Rosalind bit the Goddard calf so heartily that it bled.

The incident is interesting because it is a fair summation of Rosalind Russell's career. The girl from Waterbury,

Connecticut, well-bred and all that sort of thing, has succeeded in show business because when anyone figuratively kicked her in the shins, she literally always drew blood in the retort. In other words, Rosalind has never quit. She's been scared. She's been, at times, uncertain. But she's always managed to keep her chin up and muddle through. She's lost minor battles, but she has a habit of winning the major victories.

Her entire career served to steel her resolution. First, it was her mother's opposition she had to overcome in order to enroll at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. To the Connecticut mother of a family of daughters, the suggestion

(Continued on page 74)





# He Took Will Rogers' Advice



Gene Autry with  
his famous horse,  
"Champion."

**I**T WAS turning dusk in Chelsea, Oklahoma—a city of 1,500 souls on Saturday night and thirty-five during the week. It was Tuesday and thirty-four of the regulars were getting ready for bed. The thirty-fifth sat in the railroad telegraph office, singing mournful songs. A man opened the door, walked in.

"Excuse me, son," he drawled, "hate to interrupt all this good music, but do you suppose you could send a telegram for me?"

The operator 'lowed as to how he could, took his feet off the desk and shoved a sheet of paper towards the stranger.

"Jest keep on singin' while I write this," the newcomer said, moistening the pencil in his mouth. "You know the one that goes, 'la-di-di-la-la?'"

The operator knew it, knew it well and before either of them realized it he had sung a dozen songs to the music of his guitar and the tapping of the stranger's foot.

"Yore wastin' time here, young feller," said the man, "that's too good a voice for a big town like this. Here, get this off before they close up the county."

And with that he handed the message to the operator. It was a we-got-lost-but-we're-safe telegram to the folks back home and it was signed, "Will Rogers."

The telegraph operator, who was none other than Gene Autry, came up for air a few minutes later and gasped, "Are you really Will Rogers?"

"Yep," answered Will with a grin, "hope it's all right with you. Now 'bout that singin' . . ."

And for an hour more they talked,

Gene Autry was a small-town telegraph operator who liked to sing and play the guitar, until quite by accident he met Will Rogers

By  
William Lynch Vallee

Gene and his wife live in a brand new home of 14 rooms in San Fernando Valley on the outskirts of Hollywood. His ranch, where he stables his ten horses, is about four miles farther in the valley. Gene, a true westerner, was born in Tioga, Texas, where his energetic dad raised cattle, hogs and horses.





with Will telling him to strike out and face the world with his voice. All the while Gene sat with his mouth open, thanking his lucky stars that he hadn't known that his idol was the stranger standing in the dim, lantern-lit office. If he'd known he couldn't have gotten a note out—gosh!

"Right away," says Gene, "we became good friends. His advice to me later on movie sets was just as free and just as good as it was in Chelsea. I," and his hand tightened almost imperceptibly on a paper clip he was twisting, "I saw him a few days before he left on his fatal trip. He was a great man. . . ."

He was a great man and he is wholly responsible for Gene Autry's terrific success. The Autry man who made Republic Pictures what it is today would probably have ended his days tapping out freight orders in Chelsea had it not been for that lucky visit.

But to go back a bit—he was born in Tioga, Texas, on September 29th, 1908, which makes him just 31. His background, 'way back, is French and Irish and Autry might once have been "Autrie." Let Gene tell you about his father. . . .

"My father owned a ranch where we raised cattle, hogs and hosses. Since many of our customers were far away I'd often ride a herd into Chelsea for shipment by rail. The tapping of the telegraph instrument fascinated me; I determined to get a job there and learn to telegraph. The railroad got itself a hired man.

"I went to work unloading cars, sweeping up, helping the occasional passenger off from the train and learning how to work the key."

Besides this, he studied the saxophone. But this was not for him, he decided, so he took up the guitar and everything fell into place. Feet on desk, hand on guitar and ear for any telegraphic tapping.

And so for five years the Frisco R. R. rented, very cheaply, the services of Gene Autry. That is, until Will dropped in and advised him to get out of town. Gene got.

"I came to New York," he says, "with the high hopes that everyone has and planked myself and my hopes down in a

cheap hotel room. Every day we, my hopes and I, tried to sell our services to record companies and anyone who might possibly be interested in us.

"Things were blackest when I did get a chance. I was sitting in the reception room of one the biggest recording companies when the receptionist asked me if I played whatever was in the black box. 'Sure thing!' I said, and played and sang a number for her. As I was finishing, two men came out. One was Joe Marvin, whom I'd met in Oklahoma, and the other, Leonard Joy, of the company. Mr. Marvin put in a good word for me and Mr. Joy let me cut a wax (*make a record*) next day."

Autry was good, Mr. Joy told him, but he was nervous when he made the test recording, and it showed in the record. Joy couldn't offer it to the company committee, he could only advise Gene to get himself some more experience. To get all the experience he could—stage, radio. . . . There was an idea!

"Back home to my railroad job I went," said Gene, giving the paper clip another shape, "and on the side I sang over a nearby radio station. My nervousness did go away and I was about to resign and start out again when the depression came along and helped me with my resignation."

In New York for the second time he faced a mike in the Velvetone recording studio and then waited for the verdict. The verdict and three executives rushed in. He could stay in town if he wanted to, but if he did he had to make records for Velvetone.

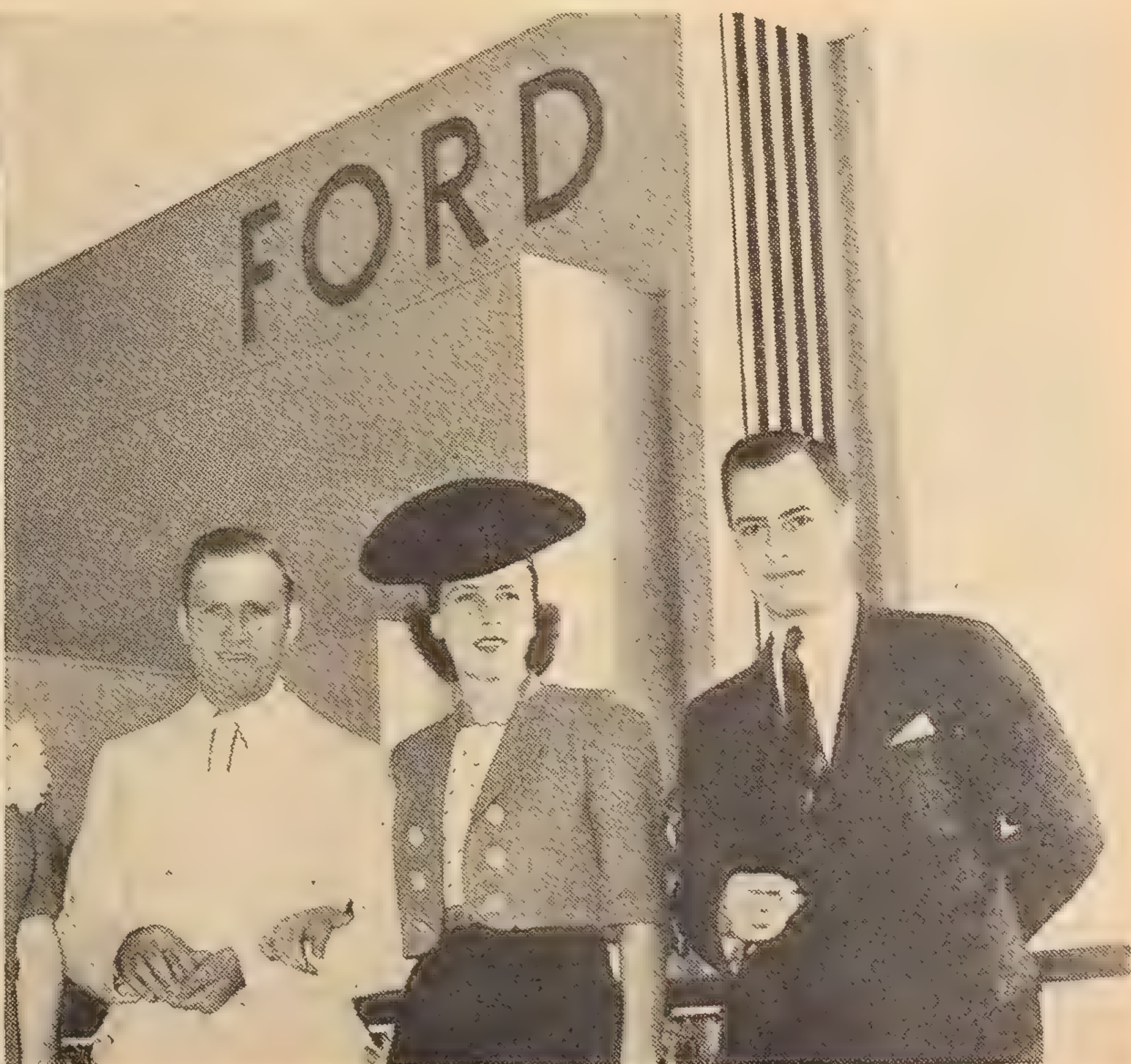
Two weeks later Gene found his name on a Velvetone record list along with two other young comers, Kate Smith and Rudy Vallée. They were all very hopeful. . . .

Shortly after this, Gene sang before a group of people and one of his audience, a Sears, Roebuck man, asked him to sing "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," a little effort of Gene's. The man seemed to like it.

"A week after that he sent me a contract for thirteen weeks on the Sears, Roebuck hour (*Continued on page 76*)



Gene and his wife recently sailed for a tour of England, on the S.S. Manhattan. It was their first trip abroad. All his pictures, incidentally, are previewed at Buckingham Palace by the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret before anyone else in the land sees them. They can't wait. *Below:* The Autrys took in the New York World's Fair before sailing. At the popular Ford Building with Host Richard Crowe.





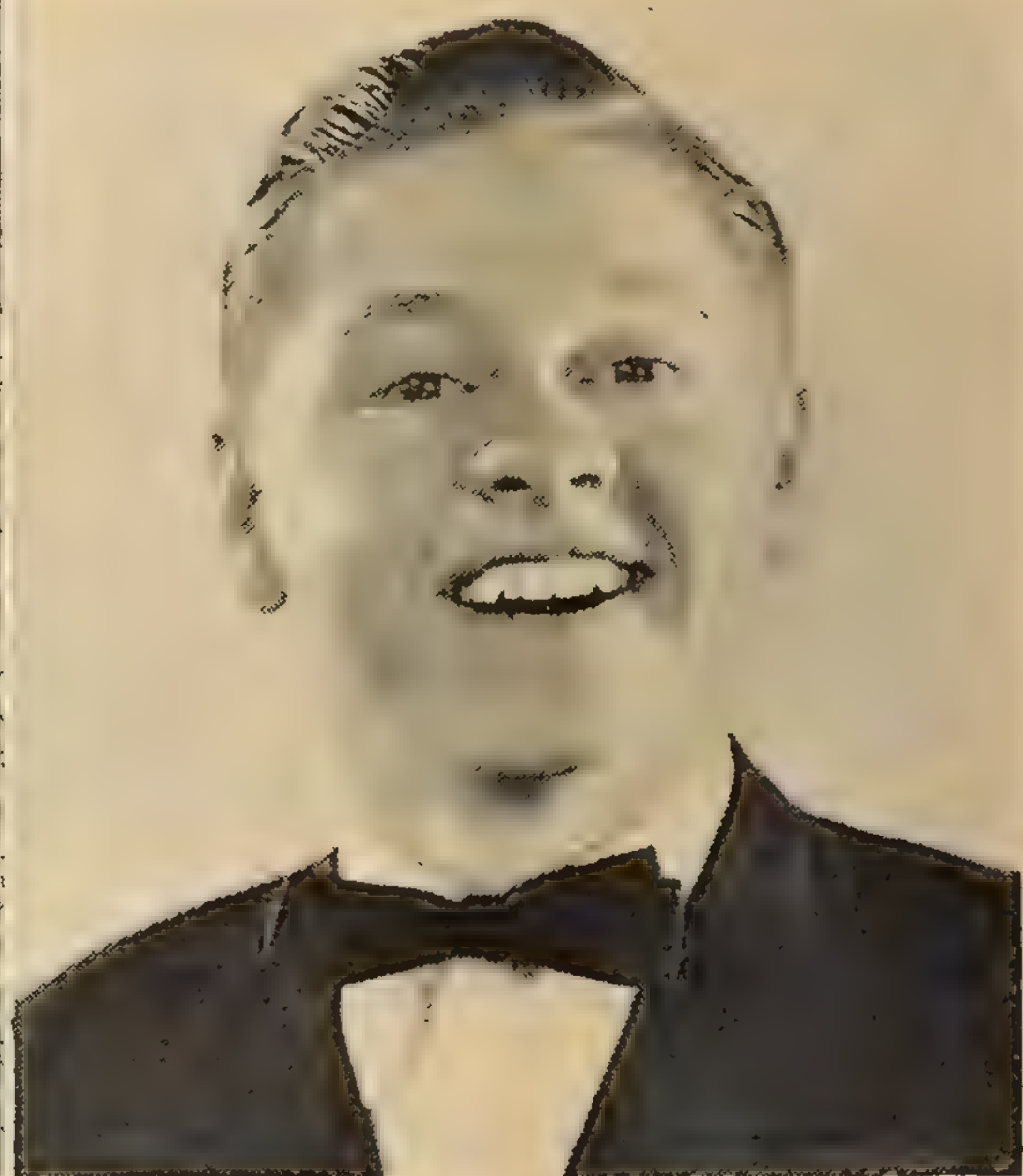


# Checking

**J**OHN GARFIELD is an intense young man, burning with ambition to do things. He was afraid of Hollywood. Afraid that it would stifle his ideas, kill his initiative, soften him with money. He's just as intense now, but he has swung around about Hollywood.

"The fact that the Warners make such pictures as 'Juarez' and 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy' has given me a different view of Hollywood," he admits frankly. "I was proud to be in 'Juarez' and I was proud of Hollywood when I saw 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy.' Important productions like those, which take fearless stands on significant issues and really

"I was tired of being a lady on the screen," says Joan Crawford. *Below:* "Eventually, I'd like to do the sort of thing Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy do," insists Mickey Rooney. And Cecil B. DeMille states that the screen today is really far too drab.





# on *Their* Comments

contribute something to human welfare, certainly make detractors of Hollywood look a bit silly.

"They have made me want to stay in pictures, if the studio considers me good enough to do important stories that have real meaning and human value. Sure, I have certain roles in mind that I'd like most to play in pictures. I'd like to do the life of George Gershwin. I'd also like to portray the great German poet, Heinrich Heine. Then there's a story called 'Young Man With a Horn' that I'd love to do. I'd play a swing musician. But it wouldn't be a musical production.

"I'll probably not get to do any of those and it really doesn't matter. The thing that counts to me is the chance to do characters that mean something.

"I've never disliked Hollywood. I can't actually say I like it now, because my roots are still pretty deep in New York. But I am becoming accustomed to it and I've found a lot in it to admire. It can do fine and big things in a fine and big way."



Don't soften, John Garfield. There's a faint sign of weakening in your words. And do I hear that you've gone *Beverly Hills*? Remember, you hit Hollywood full of fight and rebellion, fresh from struggling for years for your very food. If you soften, you'll lose your, shall we say, earthy eagerness? Your primeval zest. It's the quality that made Cagney, for instance. It also made writers like Jack London.

So here's my aside to you: nurse along that fear of Hollywood. Get it out and exercise it. It's priceless. In fact, it's Garfield. And, when you can't find it, you'll know you're washed up. You'll have gone soft.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD is at the crossroads of a spectacular, colorful career. Her adventure into what is really a secondary role of "The Women" will have far reaching consequences to Joan. She did it for a simple reason. Let her tell it:

"I was tired of being a lady on the screen. That's why, when I saw Clare Booth's 'The Women' on the stage, I was fascinated with the idea of portraying Crystal Allen when, as and if the picture were to be made. When it was purchased I literally camped on the doorstep of Producer Hunt Stromberg with my bid for the part.

"Maybe Crystal isn't too refined, maybe she has few, if any, saving graces, but at any rate she's a real person and one who gives excellent opportunities for making an audience react violently, even if that reaction is far from being on the sweetness and light side.

"Personally, I feel that it is a grand tonic for an actress to get herself thor-

*Left: "It isn't as hard as you would think for an English girl to play a Dixie heroine," explains Vivien Leigh. Lower left: Paul Muni wants to get away from historical characters. Below: Glenda Farrell believes there is too much "So what?" in Hollywood. Lower right: Raymond Massey says that a highly emotional kid can succeed in films where a seasoned actor can't get his bearings.*

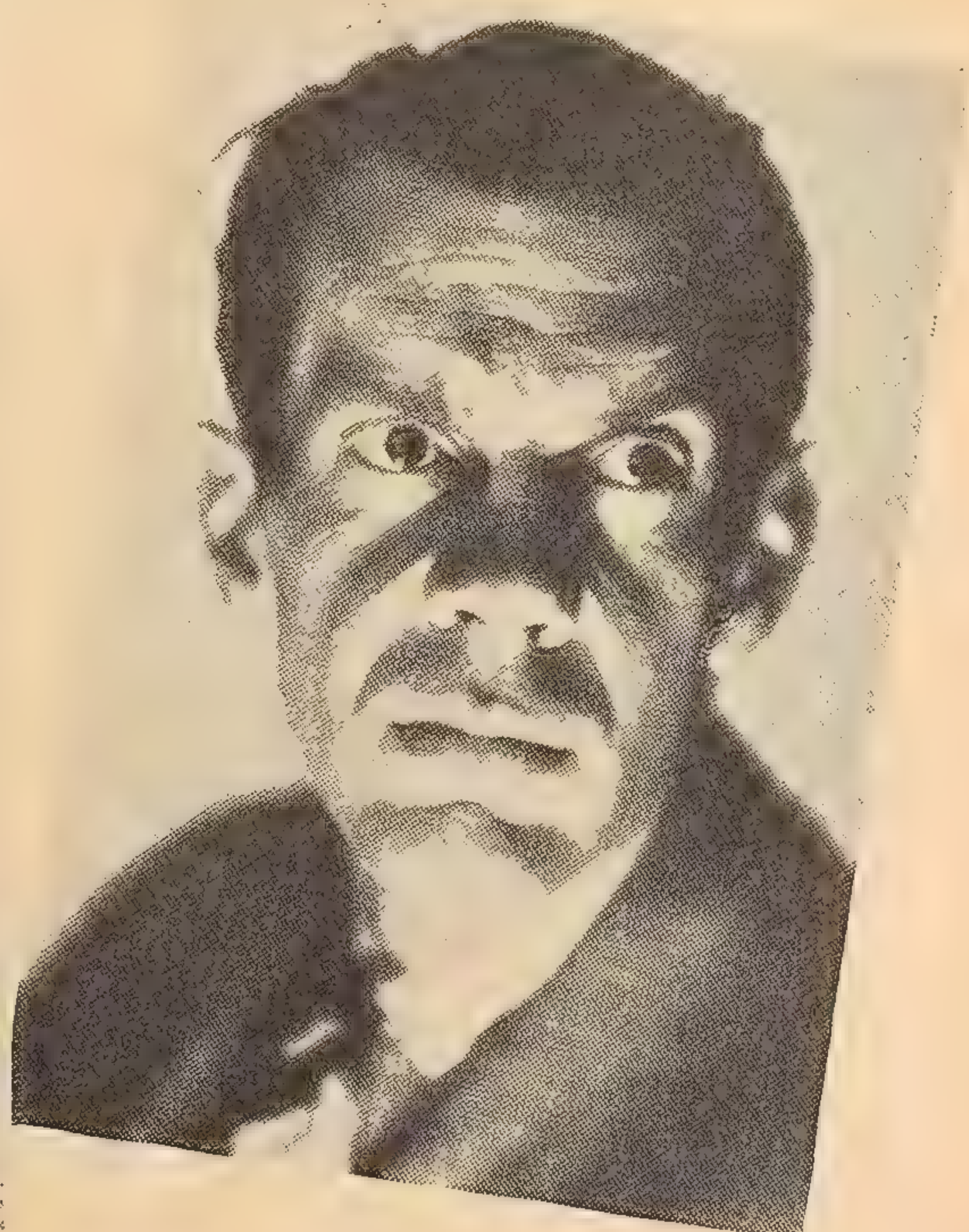
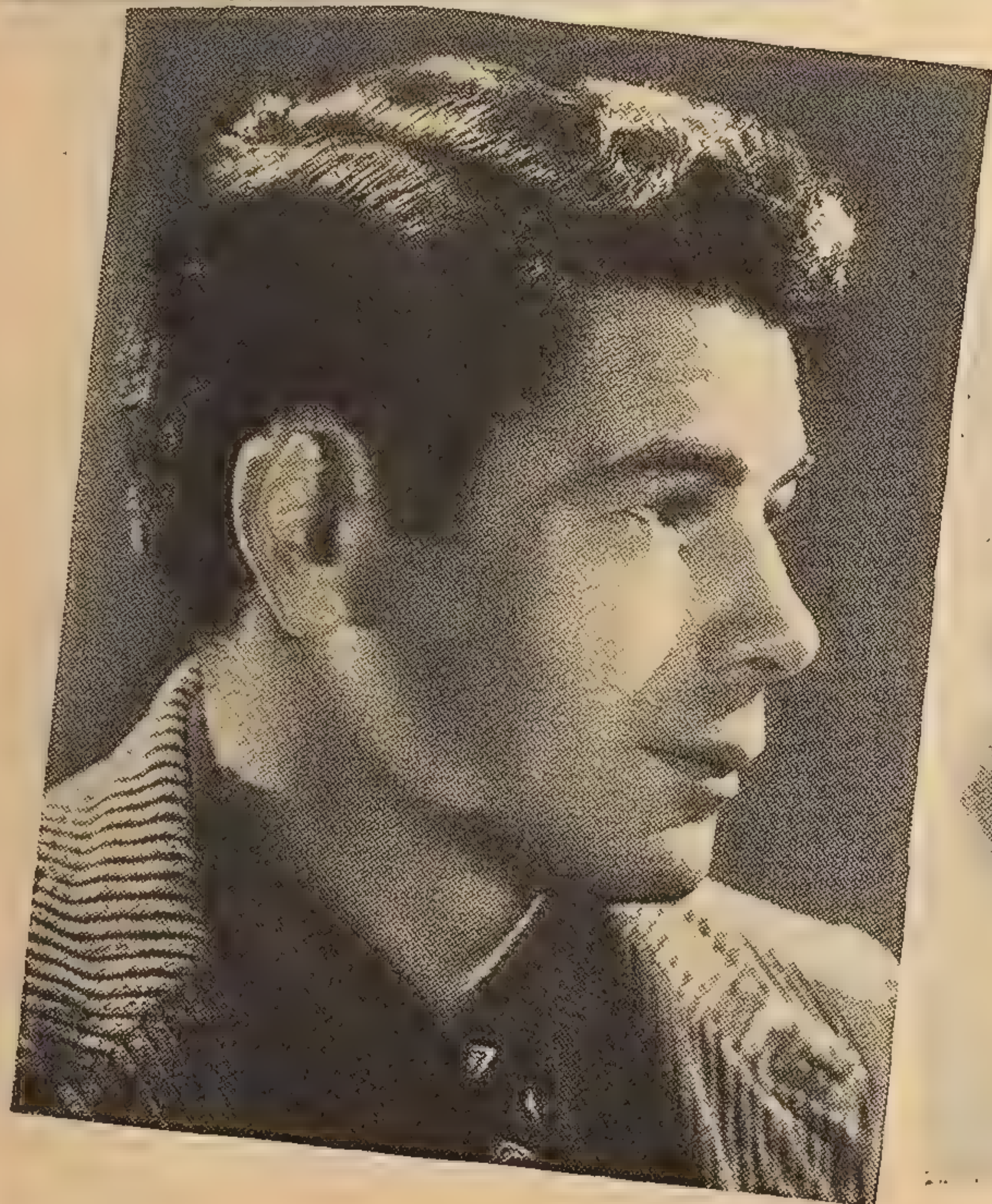
A new and unusual feature of short, right-to-the-point interviews, coupled with a frank "reading-between-the-lines" of what each star has had to say

By  
**Frederick James Smith**

oughly disliked by her screen audiences now and then. Incidentally, don't get the idea that there aren't any men in this picture. True, you won't see any of the male gender, but their influence is unmistakable, from the first scene to the final fadeout. As a matter of fact, I think about 90 per cent of the conversations that go on between Miss Shearer, Miss Russell and the other members of the cast and myself, concern the men."

Joan realizes she has been miscast frequently in the last three years. She has a curious vitality, an animal magnetism that was frequently subordinated, or forgotten. Particularly, when Joan played a lady. She was right in venturing into the role of the tough Crystal Allen. She all but steals the film.

**A**FTER Raymond Massey makes "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" for RKO in Hollywood, with John Cromwell directing, he returns to play the Emancipator on the New York stage until next June. Then he goes back to Hollywood to make the other half of Lincoln's life, ending with the tragic night in Ford's Theater in Washington. This will be written directly for the screen by Robert Sherwood, who did the play. Massey always wanted to play Lincoln. As he puts it, "I've lived from hand to mouth all my life. I've never built for the future. But I always wanted to do (Continued on page 78)







**I** NEVER want to go home," said Lya Lys for the hundredth time, as she bounded out of "21" and headed for the Stork Club. By home, Miss Lys might have meant Germany where she was born in 1913, or France where she was raised, or Hollywood, where she had just finished work in another Warner Brothers' film, "The Return of Doctor X." But she meant Germany.

Nothing, she assured me, could ever induce her to leave America for Nazi Germany. In Hollywood she picked up the very explanatory word which she uses to describe America, "sensational."

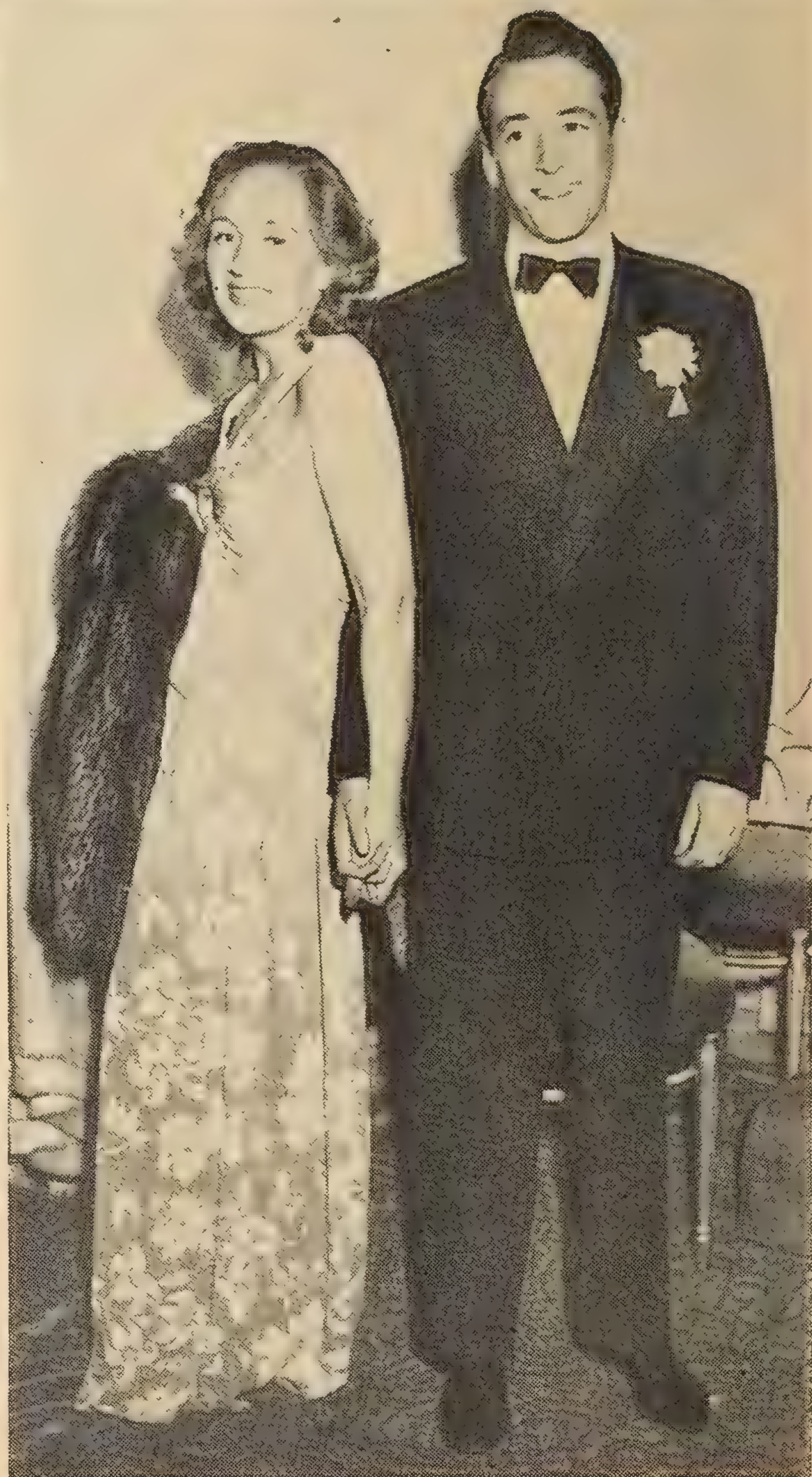
Lya Lys (*pronounced lease*) never stops thanking her lucky star for guiding her to these happy shores. She loves everything about America. "I love American men, the way they dress, the way they talk and act," she declared. "I love American women. They are so much smarter, so much more chic," she said, with just the right French inflection. "Look at the best dressed woman in any Paris restaurant and you have an American," she announced.

Lya had been in New York only a few days, but already had established herself as the darling of the Stork Club, that swank rendezvous of Cafe Society. Each time she swept into the room the orchestra would play her favorite tune, "Stairway to the Stars," and Lya would shake her golden head in time with the music. It was at the Stork that Lya told me something of her past.

*Above: Lya Lys is considered one of the most glamorous European stars in Hollywood. Right: Lya, with the author, whose hard-to-take job was being her constant escort while she was in New York.*

"I was born in Berlin," she began. Then she got up and made me do a few turns to the strains of "Stairway to the Stars." "My parents were Russian," she continued as the music subsided. "My father was a banker. He is dead. My mother is a doctor. When I was a child my parents moved to Paris where I grew up."

The waiter brought her *filet mignon* and Lya murmured "sensational." A great many famous people moved in and out and Lya seemed to know them all. Columnist Louis Sobol greeted her, looked at me and wrote in his next day's column: "... Nicest job belongs to several young men connected with our picture companies. ... Their chief duty is to escort pretty film stars





# Whirling Around With Lya

Escorting visiting movie stars, like Lya Lys, around Manhattan is nice work if you can get it and the author, who has it, tells you all about Lya

By

Bob William

around town. . . ." A while later Lya was introduced to Dorothy Kilgallen who smiled at me and next day wrote in her column: ". . . The Warner Brothers' press agents have been wearing themselves out at the not-hard-to-take occupation of escorting Lya Lys, their new star, to the best night clubs in town."

About two hours later, when the check was running along nicely at thirty-five, we started for the Cotton Club. There, whether by coincidence or design, the orchestra launched immediately into "Stairway to the Stars" and Lya climbed over the ringside ropes dragging me along like a streamer of confetti in the breeze and started to dance with a degree of animation to which I was not exactly attuned. In a few minutes Lya stopped dancing as suddenly as she had started and left me blinking foolishly in the spotlight's white glare.

When the floor show came on, Lya stared speechless at the Beachcomber Dance in which the male dancer takes a

whip to his partner. No sooner had the sepia review disappeared from the slippery floor when a blinding spotlight was thrown on Miss Lys's golden locks and a gracious master of ceremonies introduced her from the floor. Lya blew some kisses to the guests and hurried out into the street. It was four o'clock and Miss Lys was too tired to tell me any more about her past. "Tomorrow, I will tell you more," she yawned.

"Tomorrow" turned out to be a Monday, the day on which Lya was to meet the Philadelphia press. Catching trains is not one of her hobbies. She ignores train schedules with alarming abandon. At nine thirty, when I nervously reminded her that the train was to leave at ten, Lya stopped combing her hair long enough to say "Silly, how can the train leave? I am not ready." Somehow, the train did leave at ten and Lya and I were on it.

In the drawing room she stretched out her pretty legs and said she wished she were out driving her new convertible coupe. It seems that in Hollywood Lya's favorite pastime is speeding through the countryside in the early hours of the morning with her hair flying in the cool wind.

"When I have enough money I am going to build a racing car," she announced. Lya has owned and driven racing cars before. "First I shall build a midget racer," she said. "Do you know how much a midget racer costs?" I guessed about four hundred dollars. "Four hundred dollars!" she sneered. "A little midget racer costs three thousand dollars!" This ended my interest in midget racers.

Getting back to the subject of pictures, Lya did a little reminiscing about her first experience in the cinema. It seems she never had much inclination toward an acting career until that fortuitous day on which she was returning to Paris from Monte Carlo. While sitting in the dining car, two tourists approached her and begged for her autograph. Lya protested on the grounds that she was not an actress, but the tourists would not leave her alone until she had signed her name. At the time, Miss Lys was studying law at the Sorbonne but this incident, she says, first put the acting bee in her bonnet.

In Paris she went to one of the large motion picture studios and asked for a job. When they turned her down she put on such an hysterical scene that it gained her the atten- (Continued on page 81)



Above: Lya is popular with reporters because she is so expressive and enthusiastic, which always makes for "good copy" for them. Left: Lya is next to be seen in "The Return of Doctor X," with Humphrey Bogart.



Marion Martin was formerly Broadway's most famous showgirl. Walter Winchell called her "the most beautiful" and photographers voted hers as the "perfect back" of all time.

## PICTORIAL PROFILE of Marion Martin

**M**ARION lives in a secluded Van Nys ranch house about fifteen miles from Hollywood. She's an ardent churchgoer and her home is adorned with many religious pictures and statues. *Above.* Note the sign at the front entrance. *Below:* Her younger brother, Paul, whose education Marion has financed, is now studying for the priesthood. He visits Marion frequently and both have the time of their lives. Her mother is a former artists' model.





Photos by  
Gene Lester



Left: Although Marion is exceptionally fond of children, she never has married.



**M**ARION'S leopard skin bathing suit, right, caused a sensation in Hollywood. She loves California sunshine, but her white skin can stand very little exposure to it. Marion was a showgirl in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* when she was but 14. Left: Takes singing and dramatic lessons and is keeping her fingers crossed. Rarely seen at nite spots. Has never been linked with any special boy friend in Hollywood.



She drives a smart, but low-priced, convertible coupe. Never diets, loves to eat, but exercises regularly. Is an excellent cook and gardener, too.

She's particularly proud of her gleaming, white teeth.



Direct from the  
West Coast

# Reviews

## FIFTH AVENUE GIRL

GAY AND SPARKLING COMEDY—RKO

**G**INGER ROGERS is the girl to keep your eyes on these days if you like to laugh. Fast on the footsteps of "Bachelor Mother" comes this laugh-binge, with a dead-pan Ginger funnier than ever. Ginger plays a gal who is down on her luck, no job, no nothing, but she can't seem to let her sad plight upset her too much. At the seal pond in Central Park she meets up with Walter Connolly, a Fifth Avenue millionaire whose business (*Amalgamated Pumps*) is all wrapped up in strikes, whose son prefers polo to pumps, whose debutante daughter is in love with the Capitalist-hating chauffeur, and whose wife is carrying on with younger men. It's his birthday, and he couldn't be sadder. He invites Ginger to celebrate his birthday with him at the swank Flamingo Club—and what a night of popping corks that is. He offers Ginger the job of moving into his home and subtly bringing his crazy family back to their senses. Naturally, the family thinks she is Daddy's "girl friend," which brings on much comedy. Veree Teasdale is perfectly elegant as the haughty wife, who stoops to a bit of conniving to win back her husband from "that woman." Competent are Tim Holt as the son who falls for Ginger, Kathryn Adams as the daughter and Jimmy Ellison, as the chauffeur. The amazing Gregory La Cava is both the producer and director of the comedy, so you just know it sparkles like a mountain of diamonds.

Walter Connolly and Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl," a highly amusing comedy with superb dialogue and acting.



## NURSE EDITH CAVELL

TRUE TO LIFE—Imperadio-RKO

**T**HIS is the most impressive of the documentary films to come out of Hollywood—it's a straight-forward, dignified, and intensely moving production which you must not fail to see. Anna Neagle, famous English actress, plays the English Nurse Edith Cavell, and gives an extraordinarily beautiful and restrained performance. Calm and compassionate the

clean-cut Miss Neagle is said to be the exact prototype of the real Edith Cavell who faced a German firing squad during the early years of the war. The story is laid in Brussels during the German occupation in 1914 and tells with absorbing interest how Nurse Cavell, matron of a nursing home, helped the escaped prisoners and wounded soldiers of the Allies to get out of Belgium, into Holland, and back to their own countries. With three close friends—Edna May Oliver, an aristocratic old countess; ZaSu Pitts, the owner of a barge; and May Robson, a grateful grandmother—Nurse Cavell creates the famous "underground railroad" which for many months had the Germans completely mystified. But eventually through spies the German Military Service traps her and her three conspirators and they are sent to prison. It is decided at the Prussian headquarters that Nurse Cavell must be made an example of, so on deviously devised charges of espionage she is sentenced to death—the horrible death of a spy. It is Miss Neagle's picture. Simply and absorbingly directed by Herbert Wilcox, English producer-director, it is a powerful indictment against the incredible inhumanity of war. Contributing to its success are George Sanders, Martin Kosleck, Robert Coote and H. B. Warner. ZaSu Pitts playing "straight" for a change gives a noteworthy performance (Cont. on page 81)



Above: Anna Neagle and May Robson in "Nurse Edith Cavell." Left: Jean Rogers and Linda Darnell in the gay "Hotel for Women." Right: Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Alan Hale in a courtroom scene from "Dust Be My Destiny."





# HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE

of

## "Wizard of Oz"

Screen celebrities galore  
flocked to the opening at  
the Chinese Theatre

**I**T WAS a festive evening as Hollywood got its first glimpse of Mervyn Le Roy's "Wizard of Oz." The "Merry Munchkins" gathered in the lobby to greet arriving guests, and assist with the broadcast of the proceedings. In clockwise fashion are Wallace Beery and his daughter, Carol Ann, at the lobby microphone; weird-looking Orson Welles and his wife; Bert Lahr, who plays the "Cowardly Lion" in the picture, with Margaret Schroeder to whom he's reported engaged; Edgar Bergen doing a Charlie McCarthy on the lap of the Robot in the lobby, with Mervyn Le Roy supplying the voice of the Robot; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife were among those who attended; Eleanor Powell tries to get the Robot to dance with her; and in the center, the "Mayor of Munchkinland" reads a proclamation of welcome to Virginia Weidler as she enters the lobby. Among others seen at the premiere were Eddie Cantor and his daughter, Janet; Virginia Bruce and her hubby, Director J. Walter Ruben; Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey; Harold Lloyd and his family; and Ann Rutherford.

*Photos by Gene Lester*





# So You're Going to College!



*Above.* A casual all-day-round dress suited for both campus and office. The long-sleeved crepe blouse is a deep, Hunter's green crepe, while the skirt is of smooth wool in shades of green, orange, yellow and black. The plaid is used diagonally with pleats stitched to a point below the hips. A wide plaid wool belt joins the dress at the natural waistline.

*Left:* For tea dates or for an occasional drive to town, shopping bent, Priscilla wears this extremely youthful dressmaker-type suit with a full gored skirt of rich wine-colored wool topped by a scalloped jacket of soft powder blue wool. The lapels of the jacket are faced in the wine colored wool, and her chic little felt hat, with its provocative veil, is wine.






*Above:* Just how smart huge checks can be this season is demonstrated by Priscilla in this trimly lined Princess coat in Japonica and beige tweed. The unusual double breasted treatment is achieved by two large buttons at the natural waistline, and the collar is finished in Japonica velvet. Her pleated felt tam and other accessories are carried out in this shade.

*Right:* A smart version of the mismatched suit is Priscilla's favorite costume for football games and long drives into the country. The monotone black skirt flairs slightly and is topped with a fitted jacket of yellow and black tweed in a diagonal weave. Narrow black binding is used on the brief revers and pockets. A seven-eighths length swagger coat of matching tweed makes this an all-winter-long costume.

Priscilla, the youngest and most vivacious of the famous Lane sisters who have made so many outstanding films for Warner Brothers, very gaily poses in some autumn fashions that should attract the streamlined 1939 student. Of course, the girl who works for a living could use these models with equal assurance that they are "just the thing."







**B**LACK crepe is used for this exquisitely simple, figure - molding dinner gown which has Priscilla Lane reaching for the stars—or maybe it's the moon. Cut on the bias, the front is almost severely plain, with the tiny sleeves and shallow V neckline edged with gold kid. But the back, in compliment to this year's fashion decree, shows a lovely set-in panel to which the sides of the bodice and the back fullness are shirred. The train of this panel is also edged with gold kid. A lovely gown for that "heavy date."





**A** STRIKING combination for an evening gown is velvet and sheer wool. Priscilla Lane looks particularly distinguished in this model having a shirtwaist top of lustrous black velvet, while the flared skirt is plaided in brilliant tones of gold, green, cyclamen and deep wine. The belt of self fabric is crossed in front and fastened with two large buttons. This is the unpretentious type of after-dark costume which young girls adore. It is flattering, and at the same time so comfortable. And plaid is so popular!





# Pictures on the fire!

Visits to the sets and chats with the players

Greer Garson, Lew Ayres and Robert Taylor in a scene from "Remember," in which the boys flip a coin to see which will marry Greer. Our Dick Mook was on the set as this scene was being made and describes it for you.

By Dick Mook

**A**NOTHER month rolls around and the studios are in their seasonal doldrums. Of them all, the only one where there is much doing is

M-G-M

**T**HERE are three big pictures going here. The first is "Remember" starring Robert Taylor, Greer Garson and Lew Ayres, directed by Norman McLeod.

Lew works for a large chemical company. On a vacation to Nassau he meets, and becomes engaged to, Greer Garson. On their return to New York, Lew in-

sists that Taylor, his best friend, meet Greer at luncheon. They arrive at the restaurant and, while Lew is exchanging greetings with the head waiter, Mr. Taylor is taking in the panorama, always with an eye for something intriguing. His eye falls on Greer, not knowing she is Lew's betrothed.

"Psst—psst," he whispers inarticulately to Lew.

"What is it?" Lew asks in surprise.

"Just the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life, that's all," Mr. Taylor announces reverently, looking towards Greer who has risen and is walking towards them.

"I'll introduce you," Lew promises magnanimously because that's the way his part is written. In real life he wouldn't dream of doing anything of the kind. He turns to Greer: "Miss Bronson, Mr. Holland. Linda—Jeff."

"Hello, Jeff," Linda smiles.

As she and Bob stare at each other, Bob gulps. "Hello—Linda," he finally manages.

"Well," Lew turns to Linda once more, "is he anything like you thought he'd be?"

"He's even more like I thought he'd be than I thought he would," she decides.

"Well, Jeff, like her?" he puts it up to Bob.

"Portrait in Diamonds" is the title of the film from which this interesting scene is taken. Left to right are Matthew Bolton, Isa Miranda, John Loder, George Brent and Walter Kingsford. Isa is the Italian star.







*Left: Helen Parrish, Leatrice Joy and Deanna Durbin as they appear in "First Love." It marks Miss Joy's return to the screen. Above: Myrna Loy hands over the liquor cabinet keys to amazed William Powell in "Another Thin Man."*

"Mm-hmm," Mr. Taylor nods emphatically.

"Like her well enough to marry her?" Lew prompts him.

"Mm-hmm," Mr. Taylor nods again and turns to Greer: "Will you marry me?"

"Hey, wait a minute," Lew laughs. "I meant me—I'm going to marry her."

"Sorry, old man," says Mr. Taylor, a gent of quick decisions (it took him and Barbara Stanwyck only two or three years to make up their minds), "but I'm marrying her, too."

"But she—she's the surprise I was telling you about," Lew interrupts.

"All right, then," quoths Robert, "I'll be fair about it. You can match me for her."

"Well, that's cozy," Greer puts in. "How about my getting in on this, too?"

"Okay," Lew agrees. "Got a nickel?" Greer takes a nickel from her purse and hands it to Lew. Is this all I'm worth?"

"Now, you just stand there and look like a pretty girl being matched for," Bob soothes her. "Call it," he orders Lew. "What do you want?"

"Three martinis," says Lew to a waiter, ignoring Bob.

Bob uncovers the coin in his hand and shakes his head. "Sorry," he notifies Mr.

Ayres, "you lose. But," he adds consolingly, "you came awfully close to being an awfully lucky fellow."

This is going to be one of those zany comedies and as far as I'm concerned, I'm more than ready for a zany comedy. All these biographies and railroad spectacles and frontier pictures and prison pictures have got me down. I'll read when I want to be educated. When I go to the theatre I want to laugh.

Norman McLeod collaborated in the writing of this story and he sketches the plot for me. It ought to be a humdinger—funnier even than "Bachelor Mother."

Then I hunt up Lew. "Are you waiting to meet Miss Garson?" he inquires sarcastically.

"I've met Miss Garson," I return. "I just came to say hello to you."

"Perhaps, you're looking for Mr. Taylor?" he suggests.

"I've seen Mr. Taylor," I retort. "I tell you I came to say hello."

"Oh," says Lew. Then, after a moment, "Hello."

"Go to hell," I shout, which is exactly what Lew wanted.

"One nice thing about you, Dick," he concedes generously, "in fact, I might say the *only* nice thing about you, you never change from one year to the next. Always quiet, even-tempered, easy-going—"

(Continued on next page)



Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone and Samuel Hinds in a scene from "Rio." Our correspondent watched it being made and jotted down the dialogue in which Basil, as a gigantic swindler, is trapped by Hinds, a banker.



I grin as I realize he has simply been trying to get my goat. "I've a clipping for you at home. I know you don't read the papers so I cut it out."

"What was it?" Lew asks suspiciously.

"I don't remember, but I have it. I'll mail it to you."

"Well, I'm sure it was a dirty crack or you wouldn't have bothered," he replies.

And I'm supposed to be the one with the nasty disposition.

\* \* \*

**I** LEAVE Mr. Ayres with his splenetic liver and proceed to the next set where Myrna Loy, whom I almost married last month (*in a dream*), and William Powell are working on "Another Thin Man."

If Myrna remembers the white hot passion that seared us like a flame last month (*in my dream*) she gives no sign of it. To her I am just another—and not very familiar—writer. She extends a cool hand. "Hello," she smiles vaguely.

"There ought to be a law," I begin hotly, "that when two people are involved in the same dream both of them should dream the same dream so—"

"What are you talking about?" she asks a little uneasily, at the same time glancing toward the cop sulking in the background of every set.

And then I realize she doesn't know a thing about my dream—unless she read last month's Silver Screen, because it was all recounted there, I not being a person to keep things to myself—least of all a near-marriage to Myrna Loy.

"If you'll stop goggling at my star," Mr. Woody Van Dyke, the director, interrupts, "I'd like her for a scene in this epochal picture I'm filming. And when you see it, don't say I didn't warn you."

So Myrna leaves me with a sigh of relief and takes her place with Mr. Powell. C. Aubrey Smith, who manages her vast estate, has received a threatening letter. He wants Powell to handle the case, but Powell wants no more detecting. Finally, Myrna persuades him to go down to the Smith estate on Long Island. But more indignities are in store for him. Mr. Smith has the liquor cabinet locked up without so much as offering The Thin Man a drink (*I know exactly how you feel, Bill*). He wants Mr. P. sober when they talk. But Mr. P. is like me, he thinks better with a little stimulation. Seeing he is going to get no liquor, Mr. Powell refuses to think. He sulks.

"What would happen to Nora's estate if anything happened to me?" Smith puts it up to Bill.

"Nothing's going to happen to you," Myrna whispers soothingly, putting her arms around him (and me within easy reach!). "I promise you." She starts towards the dining room door with him. "You go on in. I'll attend to Nick."

"Well, don't be long," Smith grunts, slightly relieved.

He goes on out and she turns toward Bill, her hands behind her back.

"What do you think you're doing?" Powell demands, watching her grimly. "Getting me another case?" she grins, but doesn't answer him and he rumbles on: "That old skinflint can afford the best detective in the business. He's just trying

to get one for nothing. And you're abetting him."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Myrna murmurs, all wide-eyed innocence.

"No?" he barks, "then what was all that business at the door?"

"I was just picking his pockets," she explains, bringing her hands out from behind her and dangling the keys to the liquor cabinet in front of him. "I haven't been married to you for nothing," she explains dryly.

The scene finished, Myrna disappears into her dressing room and CLOSES THE DOOR without giving me a chance to remind her she had been married to me at all.

\* \* \*

**I** WANDER disconsolately to the next set. My spirits lift a little as I find Ann Sothern sitting there and also Franchot Tone and John Miljan, who is seen all too seldom these days.

"Have a drink?" Ann invites me.

"Sure," I agree eagerly and her maid promptly hands me a coke. I glance at Ann murderously. Then I reflect, if it hadn't been for Myrna and her light fingers, Bill wouldn't even have got that much so I muster up what grace I can and say "thanks," but I don't mean it.

Then the director calls her for a "take."

The scene starts with a wrangle between Mary Beth Hughes and Allen Joslyn. She tells him off in no uncertain terms, leaves him and steps out on to the terrace as Franchot and Ann come up. Allen grins sheepishly.

"The mighty Casey has struck out," Franchot jibes.

"Shame on you, Ted Bentley," Ann chides in mock severity, "making eyes at that girl when your little Southern girl is pining for you."

"He's a beast," Franchot proclaims cheerfully. "Not the faithful, home-loving type like me."

"We'll discuss that later," Ann decides skeptically.

I dilly-dally around awhile with Ann and Franchot and Mr. Miljan. Franchot is completely recovered from his illness and in fine fettle, but other studios are calling. One of them is—

Universal

**I**T'S always an event at this studio when Deanna Durbin starts a new picture so this is an event. She's working and the film is called "First Love." It's notable for something else, too. Leatrice Joy who used to be one of the glamour girls of the screen appears for the first time in years in this opus. She plays the part of Deanna's aunt and Helen Parrish's mother.

Leatrice and Deanna have just been having a little set-to when Helen comes in in riding clothes.

"Mother," Helen complains, "you're paying more attention to Connie's (Deanna's) nonsense than you are to my plans for the party."

By this time Deanna is well on her way upstairs and Leatrice turns back to Helen. "I'm sorry. We were talking about your dress."

Deanna pauses on the stairs and looks down at them as they walk towards the living room, arm in arm. "Remember the one Chris designed that you said was too old for me?" Helen begins. "Well, that's the one I want. Wilma goes in for sophisticated clothes and this time I want to go her one better."

Deanna turns and goes on upstairs to her room.

You want to get a load of Leatrice's costume in this scene. It's something. The fashion editor of Universal describes it this way: turquoise blue crepe pajamas and bodice with an overjacket that comes to the knees of blue and gold metal cloth.

\* \* \*

**N**OW we come to Basil Rathbone and Sigrid Gurie in "Rio." Mr. Rathbone is a gigantic swindler and Sigrid is his bride of two days. They are meeting Samuel S. Hinds, his banker (*who has just found out all about it*) at a restaurant. Hinds has told the police to come there and pick Basil up, but Basil doesn't know this. Victor McLaglen, who is sitting at another table, out of camera range, is Basil's secretary.

Basil pours Hinds a glass of champagne.

"You might as well pour yourself one, too, Reynard," Hinds says, a look of intense hatred in his eyes.

"You understand," Basil reminds him, a look of triumph in his eyes, "that champagne is the wine of celebration—one offers it after a victory."

"Or as consolation for defeat," Hinds counters, raising his glass.

But Basil misunderstands him and thinks he is referring to his own defeat. "Then it's all settled?" he whispers, raising his glass.

"Yes," Hinds answers. "It was not easy. You have one more chance."

Basil moves his glass towards his lips, then pauses and looks off towards McLaglen and offers him a toast, too, to let him know everything is all right.

This is the most beautiful set of the month. It's the kind of night club you dream about, but never see. The tables are not jammed together, the atmosphere is one of elegance without being gaudy and in the centre of the dance floor is a huge fountain. Ferns, dripping with water and sparkling in the light, grow all about the pillar in the centre of it.

Miss Gurie's gown, too, I beg leave to inform you, is well worth a once-over. It is silver lamé that fits like a sausage skin that reveals po-lenty of glamour and an unequalled expanse of epidermis.

\* \* \*

**T**HE last picture on this lot is "Call A Messenger." It's a mixture of the Little Tough Guys and The Dead End Kids with William Benedict (*the Will Rogers discovery*) and El Brendel thrown in for good measure.

The scene they're shooting is not particularly important so there's no use going into details. We'll just go over to—

Warner Brothers

**A**SIDE from the pictures on this lot about which I've already told you—"20,000 Years in Sing Sing," with John Garfield and Pat O'Brien, and "The Roaring Twenties," with James Cagney, Hum-



phrey Bogart and Jeffrey Lynn—there are "Lady Dick" and "Ride, Cowboy, Ride."

The latter is a technicolor short starring Dennis Morgan. This short is being made as a sort of test to see if he is good enough to do "The Desert Song" when and if they ever get around to filming it. Dennis sings beautifully (he's singing today), he photographs handsomely and he's a nice fellow, so I don't know what more they want unless they're going to insist upon his acting, too. Well, he can even act, so there!

But the *pièce de résistance* in this short, as far as I'm concerned, is Esther Howard. If I had my way, Esther would play the character part in practically every picture that's made in Hollywood. Here she sits with a brassy blond wig on and a dress that proclaims her a member of the oldest profession.

"Ah, yes," she sighs mockingly, "this time I'm *Cactus Kate*. These girls are all mine. Could I introduce you?"

"Well, no," I decline her offer. "I'll just sit and gab with you. Those are some swell jewels you're wearing. If they're yours we can get married. I'm in an amorous mood today."

"Alas, they're not," she admits. "But there's nothing small about me. Bette Davis wore them as *Queen Elizabeth* and this is about as close as I'll ever come to the Academy Award."

At this point one of "her girls" gets into a row with one of "her customers" and Esther has to go about her duties (although this scene is not in the script), so I leave.

\* \* \*

"**LADY DICK**" features Morgan Conway and Jane Wyman, to say nothing of Maxie Rosenbloom, Gloria Dickson and Dick Foran.

It's a cops and robbers story, with Jane playing a lady detective. It's growing late so let's beat it to—

Paramount

"**REMEMBER THE NIGHT**," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray, is working in the tank today and the set is closed so you'll have to wait for this one until next month. Ditto, "Typhoon" starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, which is on location.

But there are still two shooting here.

ONE of them is "Untamed" (tentative title) with Pat Morison, Akim Tamiroff, Jane Darwell, Clem Bevans and Ray Milland.

Only the middle three are working today. The scene is a mountain cabin where Bevans is sitting in front of a fire, snow-blind. It's in the northern Rockies. Some people have evidently just left, because Jane turns back into the room furiously.

"I'd a killed 'em, Joe—the whole, dirty, lyin' pack of 'em," she shouts to Tamiroff.

But he pushes past her and faces Bevans. His voice is curiously quiet. "Smokey," he says to Clem, "why you not speak up? Why you not tell Mac he is a liar?" But Bevans only stares woodenly and says nothing. "You got a tongue, hey?" Akim yells, jerking him to his feet. There is no answer. "You

'fraid of Mac—that what keep you quiet?" he persists.

"Ain't afeard of nobody, an' dang well he knows it," Bevans says in a sudden, hot anger, turning away.

But Tamiroff follows, swings him around and pulls him close. His voice is dangerous. "You know something—hey?" There is no answer so he begins shaking Bevans. "Is — it — true — what — Mac — say?"

"Yeh—some of it," Bevans admits sullenly.

"Smokey," Jane shrieks hysterically, "shut yer mouth!"

"Cut!" calls the director, and then, "That's all for today. Wrap 'em up."

So I never learn what happens to Smokey Bevans, but I'll bet it's something awful for Mr. Tamiroff is not a gent to be trifled with—particularly in pictures.

\* \* \*

THE other picture going over here is "Portrait in Diamonds," with Isa Miranda, George Brent and John Loder.

This is almost the start of the picture and it's hard to tell what it's about. But the three mentioned and Matthew Bolton and Walter Kingsford are all standing about a desk looking at a little Zulu statuette.

"Looks just like Jack Lansfield (Nigel Bruce)," Brent opines. As a matter of fact, it does faintly resemble Nigel.

"Oh! It's very odd," Isa exclaims looking at it admiringly, "and, somehow, attractive."

"The natives make them," Kingsford explains. He pauses and then is struck by a sudden thought, "won't you take it—as a souvenir of your visit?"

"Thank you," Isa beams. "I'd love it."

Bolton's eyes dart from Kingsford to Isa. His expression has become suspicious. "Mind if I take a look at it, Miss Falcon?" he asks, taking the statuette from her before she can object. "I know a little about native art—," he continues. He turns it around, looking at it and suddenly his suspicions are heightened. Something within the statue definitely rattles, and the plot is on.

"You see," George grins when the scene is finished, "you can't get away with a thing these days."

I nod. "It reminds me of that song they used to sing in "Liliom" on the stage—"Look out, here come the damn police, the damn police, the damn police are here!"

There's nothing more to see there, anyhow, so I truck on down to—

R-K-O

THE Hunchback of Notre Dame" is shooting, but Mr. Charles Laughton works only on a closed set and he's working today so you'll have to wait until next month for this one. I'll catch it some day when he isn't working. "Allegheny Frontier," starring Claire Trevor and John Wayne is on location so that, too, will have to wait.

BUT there's another good picture going here called "Three Sons." The

star is Edward Ellis ("A Man to Remember").

He has spent his life building up a big department store. His friend and assistant is J. Edward Bromberg. Every time a new son is born, Ellis builds an addition to the store, hoping that each of his sons will one day take over a department. He won't even sell Bromberg a part of the business, because he feels it belongs to his children. But when they grow up none of them wants any part of the store so he sadly divides the stock between the three sons and the daughter. They (the two older boys and the daughter) want only the money so they sell the stock and Bromberg buys it. At the end, years later, Ellis is about to die and he sends for his family. We meet them now in the huge living room of his home, the furniture shrouded in ghostly covers.

He comes in and looks at them wistfully. "So I've brought you back—back from the four corners of the earth," he says.

"We'd have come anyway, Guv'nor, if we'd known," Kent Taylor, the oldest replies. Kent is bigger, with a slight pot stomach.

"Well, there's not much I can say about you," Ellis goes on. "Maybe that's been the trouble. Not much one way or another. You just didn't have it. Well, I wanted to see you together once again. Don't seem so many years ago you looked so beautiful—so young—strong. Each of you part of me—my strength—my way of dreamin' things—my steadiness—my stubborn pride." He is speaking from a cloud of memories and doesn't even see them any more: "Goodbye, Gene, strong old son. Goodbye, Bert that played on my knee. Goodbye, Phoebe, darling." He pauses, looking past them. "Goodbye, Freddie (Dick Hogan, the youngest son), prince of my dreams, wherever you are—"

Dick is about eighteen. He is standing in the doorway with Bromberg. Bromberg motions him to go to his father. He does, sitting on the arm of his father's chair and putting his arm around him.

Ellis pulls himself together for a second. "Still—partners?" he whispers to Dick.

Dick nods, his lips compressed. Ellis' face is peaceful now as he looks off toward the window. Dick looks, too—and is fumbling for words, trying to remember something from long, long ago. It is something his father once told him when they were watching the crowds through the store window: "See all sorts of things through that window—if you look hard enough," he whispers.

Scenes like that always get me down and this one is so beautifully played I don't feel much like kidding when it is over.

So I head for home, because at Columbia there is nothing shooting and the only things shooting at 20th Century-Fox are "Drums Along the Mohawk," which is closed tighter than a drum, and Jane Withers in "High School," which is on process and about which I'll tell you next month. That's all, folks.



# He's Always Thinking of the Other Fellow

[Continued from page 37]

ter proves that.

Arnold was Joel's stand-in before Carl. But to go way back, when Joel was a kid, delivering papers in Hollywood, Arnold was a prominent actor and chum of Wallace Reid's. The two men asked Joel what he wanted to be. "Another William S. Hart!" he exclaimed. The years ran on. Wally Reid died tragically, and Arnold Grey went down the ladder instead of further up. When he needed any kind of job it was Joel who, matured and a star himself, lent the helping hand.

But Arnold, like Carl, wasn't treated as only a studio dummy. He was Joel's buddy, too. Then, one day, the doctors stated that a prolonged rest in the warm Arizona desert was the only thing that could save the life of Arnold's wife. Quietly Joel went downtown and examined all the house trailers on the market. The most complete one was sent to the Greys. And so, with an affectionate farewell encouraging them, the two drove away in it. After settling his wife, Arnold had to return to finish a business matter. En route he suddenly died of a heart attack. Three days later his ailing wife, the woman of whom he'd said to Joel, "I wouldn't want to live without her," died.

Joel doesn't tell you of these things that make up much of his off-screen days. Nor are they common gossip. He doesn't expound on his intentions; he keeps his eyes open, investigates calmly, and then when he is sure, acts. There are no preliminaries apparent on the surface, and no questioning of the other fellow's motives.

Undoubtedly Joel had an advantageous home life before he tackled pictures. Whatever we have been leaves its mark, and every wrong occurrence, no matter how minor, puts a lasting scar somewhere. Joel's parents thought so much of their youngest son that they set high standards for him. His father was the president of the Los Angeles' Gas and Light Company, and his mother came from a puritanical New England family. Joel, consequently, had an attractive, intelligent background, and he was encouraged to select his future.

"Some men want money, some want power," Joel maintains. "I wanted adventure, and that's why I wanted to be in pictures. I saw that Hollywood was an unpredictable place, and that was swell. I want to be surprised. I couldn't stand anything cut-and-dried. Uncertainty is a challenge! That's why I've never been disillusioned about Hollywood. I counted on it being the most impulsive, astonishing place in the world. Some day I may come to work and they'll not let me in. You've got to think fast here!

"The stakes we play for are big. So are the rewards. So far as the money I make goes, I always save because what's the use of working for it if it isn't going to do you some good? When you can earn more than you have to spend to live, it seems pretty dumb to throw away what you may need sometime later on. But money in itself is unimportant, to me, anyway.

"I say the only tangible thing we have

is our everyday chance to live fully. Who's ever able to bank on money or prestige? They get away from you.

"Frances and I aren't half as 'settled down' as you might imagine. We haven't bought a house in town because we don't want to be stuck with one. We rent, and move around. For the past two years we were at the beach at Santa Monica instead of in the city. I don't want to be a slave of possessions, always looking out for them. That's why I've never had a boat. If you accumulate too much you're worrying about what to do with things."

Joel stretched and yawned. "I've been driving in from the ranch, getting up at six every morning. We're back there for awhile. I love it, and it's no whim. It's profitable as well as a pleasure. I guess I would have been a cowboy if I hadn't tried pictures. I didn't have an awful lot of ambition, just the urge for an exciting, natural life that'd call on my resources. I'd never work in an office; six months of that and I'd go right out through the ceiling. But I love pictures. Acting itself is a business to me; if I don't deliver what they want I'm off the payroll. I don't plan to retire and devote myself to farming. When they ask me what I intend to do when I'm washed up here, too old you know, I say, 'I don't know.' And I don't. What do you suppose Lewis Stone will do when he's 'through?'"

"I thought," he laughed, "that I wasn't the type to marry. I was going to have freedom, come and go with no responsibilities. I was going to have varied and colorful experiences forever after. Then Frances came on my horizon and I recognized that love is essential, too.

"To my way of thinking it's wonderful that Frances wants to go on with her own career. I encourage her to keep it up. I think that, today, women ought to do something besides keep house. We have three servants. Why should she vegetate?"

"We've had some grand trips together. We couldn't get away the first three years we were married, what with babies and both of us having contracts that interfered. But then we started off by going to Hawaii. I'd been there before when I did 'Bird of Paradise.' You know location trips are like explorations; on my first picture I went clear to Alaska and had enough free time to meet real Eskimos.

"I don't like actual traveling. But when I get places, I'd like to stay in each one about three months, to know the people. I'd love to go to Norway and Sweden. I'd love to live in Canada for awhile, and in South America.

"The last time Frances and I got away we headed for the Berkshires in New England. The president of the Union Pacific railroad happened to be on the same train and he told us how his father had fought Indians and how he himself had risen from section boss. No woman had ever ridden in the engine of his new streamline train; he let Frances and me go up there, and they average ninety-two miles an hour! When we reached

Albany, Frances and I, we bought a car a senator had used only for a small mileage and we drove to Lake George, the most beautiful lake I've ever seen, and on up into the 'Northwest Passage' country. We met the author of that book—I hope you've read it!—and saw the old forts.

"Then we got onto the side roads in New Hampshire, and stayed overnight at farmhouses where they take in tourists for two dollars a night. They sell you maple syrup before you leave!" In the sparsely-settled neighborhoods the McCreas weren't identified as picture stars. "But when they discovered we were from California we were plied with questions. The kids would solemnly stop milking to quiz me on 'What's it like out there, huh?'"

"We spent a week in Manchester, Vermont, at the same hotel where we'd honeymooned. We stopped a few days in New York. Frances thinks it's marvelous, but after I've seen the new plays I'm ready to get out into the country. I'd enjoy pioneering. But no woman prefers the loneliness and hardship that means. From New York we drove on South to New Orleans. You miss so much if you stick to trains or the highways. We tried the backroads. They bring you to the real country. We saw Gettysburg. It's marvelous! You see where Lincoln stood. It's a great experience. You can look over those graves, with their historical names, see those pine stumps, walk into that little bakery shop nearby, where the woman who had baked extra bread and pastries for the day when the address was given was accidentally shot by a stray bullet, just before Lincoln arrived. They've kept her bakery exactly as it was, and the chair where she sat when fate stepped in!

"The plantations down South are something! Have you ever seen those fireflies they have? And the easy-going party spirit of the Southerners was amazing to us. Hollywood is hectic, but down South they don't worry and if a party is arranged for Saturday night no business interferes, everyone dresses for it, and they have a wonderful time."

I don't know any other actor who literally mixes with both the prominent and the everyday people as Joel does. I could tell you how he, in turn, makes definite efforts to boost the stock of fellow actors, of how he gave Lew Ayres a pep talk that put Lew into high again. Jon Hall, Bruce Cabot, and many others owe their starts to Joel's help. Sam Goldwyn has never quite recovered from Joel's insistence that John Beal be given a certain lead because he was more the type than Joel was. And then there is the inside tale of how Joel went to the trouble of "selling" Barbara Stanwyck to Goldwyn for one of her greatest hits. Joel believed Barbara would act the role to the hilt. So he phoned Sam and told him so. "What are you now, an agent?" sputtered the producer. Midnight, a couple of days afterwards, Joel was awakened

(Continued on page 65)



# Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT  
they're both  
quick to  
grasp this  
Exciting  
new  
"SKIN-VITAMIN"  
Care\*!

**Jewelry at Cartier's**—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

**Shopping for the week end**—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

**QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:**  
You find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or shopping a lot?

**ANSWER:** "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

**ANSWER:** "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."



**Return from Paris**, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on each Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.



**Everybody out!** Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Does using more Pond's Cold Cream improve the general effect of make-up?

**ANSWER:** "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

**ANSWER:** "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

\*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

**After the Theatre**—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for late supper.



**TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY**  
for the cost of only ONE



Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

BUY THIS

Get this FREE



**Icebox raiding**—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.





## Family Secrets About Ty Power from His Sister

[Continued from page 22]

—though usually they didn't bother to drink it.

Too much competition broke out in the neighborhood so Ty advanced to bigger and better things. He decided to manufacture, and peddle, perfume. He and Ann gathered up all the milk bottles they could find and hid them in the garage. Then they squeezed dozens of flowers into the bottles and poured in water that had been slightly colored via the paint box. After "steeping" a while the liquid was drained off and bottled. Ty packed them in his little wagon and began to canvass the neighborhood. Women, who simply couldn't resist his smile, even at that early age, bought his perfume and were practically knocked out by the smell that came out of the bottles. After the first rush of suckers the perfume business went into a decline and the perfume magnate declared bankruptcy and had to think of a new trade. He gathered up his mother's magazines and books and sold them from door to door. She soon put a stop to that. "Son," she said, "if you are so anxious to make money I will give you a regular job, and pay you for it. If you'll weed the dandelions out of the lawn every day I will give you a penny for every fifteen dandelions." At an early age Ty became a professional dandelion weeder. No wonder the dandelions haven't a Chinaman's chance now on his spacious lawns out on his Brentwood estate.

"I remember," Ann continued, "the first visit we made to our Grandmother's in Cincinnati. Tyrone was completely fascinated, for some strange reason, by the high ceilings in her home. Our bungalows in California had always had low ceilings and heavy beams and Grandmother's old fashioned Eastern house with the high ceilings seemed to awe him at first. But not for long.

"Grandmother was entertaining a large and formal dinner party one night, and as a special treat Tyrone and I were allowed to have ice cream in the library, while the guests were having theirs in the dining room. I was eating away joyously when suddenly I saw Tyrone stretch out flat on his back on the couch, balance the saucer on his stomach, and with his spoon flip the ice cream toward the ceiling. After several flips that landed over his new suit and the couch he made the ceiling—in a nice chocolate splash. He was extremely enthused over his prowess. But Mother and Grandmother failed to share his enthusiasm. My brother is the only little boy I ever met who'd rather flip his ice cream than eat it."

It was during the stay in Alhambra that a nurse, whom the children called "Pet," came to look after them for several years. She was a kindly, intelligent woman who taught them not to be afraid of the dark, or of anything for that matter. The imaginative Tyrone took her teachings right to heart and when the Doctor arrived to vaccinate him Ty boldly informed him, "You can hurt Ann, and you can hurt other little children.

But you can't hurt me. Only God can hurt me."

The mysteries of religion he solved at a very early age, and quite satisfactorily, too. "Pet" would read to them every night before she turned out the lights in the nursery, usually several chapters from the Bible. One night she read the Twenty-Third Psalm. Ann, who was inclined to be a phlegmatic child, the exact opposite of her volatile brother, was a little worried about the meaning. "What does the Lord - is - my - Shepherd - I-shall-not-want mean," she asked Tyrone in the next bed. "It means," answered Ty, already half asleep after a hard day of "trade"—"it means that you don't have to worry about anything. The Lord will take care of you. Shut up and go to sleep."

To this day Ty refuses to worry about anything. In the early days when he was trying to get a foothold in pictures, or on the stage, he was kicked about plenty, but he never worried. Even when his "best friends" gathered around and told him that if he married Annabella the fans would turn against him and his movie career would be shot to hell he refused to worry. Just smiled that famous Tyrone smile—and married Annabella.

"Tyrone has always been a terrible tease," Ann continued. "And as I was a rather serious child he took great pleasure in teasing me. Usually the teasing was innocent enough, but I will never forget one summer we spent in Ludington, Michigan. Ty would tease me because he could swim out to the fish nets in the lake, but I was afraid to. So one day he coaxed me into a row boat with him and rowed out to the fish nets—where he proceeded to turn the boat over and allow me to get back to the shore as best I could. He thought it great sport that his poor little sister nearly drowned. The following summer we spent with an Aunt on a farm out near Columbus, Ohio. My aunt had a white Spitz dog with a long coat of woolly hair, and that dog was the apple of her eye. Tyrone found some cans of paint in the barn, and to help celebrate the Fourth of July he painted that poor dog red, white and blue. It had to be shaved, and my aunt was in hysterics.

"Tyrone had a very vivid imagination when he was a child—except that we didn't call it an imagination then—we called it fibbing. He was quite adept at it. Every day was April Fool's day at the Powers. But in sort of self-protection I soon learned to detect when Tyrone was fibbing. His face would be perfectly straight, but there would be a funny little quirk around his lips. Mother never could tell. But I always could. Even today when he is making up a beautiful whopper you can detect that quirk around his lips if you look closely.

"My brother always wanted to know the 'Why?' of everything. He would argue until he was blue in the face. But the minute you gave him a logical reason for something he accepted it without any further ado. He's like that today. When

we moved to Cincinnati and I started having dates he became a very protective brother. 'Ann can't go out with a boy until I know him well,' he would say, being very big brotherly. He was always falling in love with my classmates at school and for years I played Farley for him and delivered his notes regularly every morning. He was very faithful, in his way, to his 'girls.' But the girl he seemed most excited about was one he never met. She used to come into the drug store there in Cincinnati, where he was jerking sodas during summer vacation, and order banana splits. He never knew her name, and he never dared speak to her, he was content to worship from afar. He has always been a very loyal friend, even as a small boy. He would loan the shirt off his back to a pal and think nothing about it."

Tyrone has a grand habit, practically unique in the picture business, of remembering old friends. William Gallagher, his secretary, is a well known friend of Ty's lean days in New York. And another example of his loyalty is directed towards his stand-in and friend of his Cincinnati school days, Tommy Noonan. When there are trips to take and fun to be had Ty always sees to it that Bill and Tommy have a share in it. Annabella, fortunately, likes Bill and Tommy too.

"The best spanking Tyrone ever got," said Ann, "was when he lined the car tracks back of the San Gabriel theatre with the dead electric bulbs from the footlights. During the most beautiful and spiritual scene in the play there suddenly arose a series of explosions which frightened the audience right out of their seats. Mother did a little paddling on his seat. And ever since then he has had the greatest respect for audiences."

The worst trouble that Mrs. Power seemed to have with her young son was making him relax. She would make Ann and Ty remain sitting at the dinner table for fifteen minutes after a meal during which time she would combine a lesson in poise with one of diction. Ty, one of those nervous squirmers, found these fifteen minutes the hardest in his day's routine. Today Ty still sits for fifteen minutes, or more, at the dinner table after the coffee has been served. But it isn't for the purpose of relaxing. It's to show off his magic. He can make the silverware and the china do all sorts of mysterious tricks, and he never gets tired of amazing his guests. Annabella is the perfect wife. She never gives away the secret or kills a point.

The rumors are hot and heavy that the Powers are expecting their first heir in January. Ty has often said that he wants four sons. And he wants them early in life so he can have that companionship with his sons that he never had with his father. Well, I guess his "best friends" will rush to him now and warn him that he will lose his fan following if he becomes a father. But Ty, as usual, will refuse to worry about it. He still believes implicitly in the Twenty-Third Psalm.



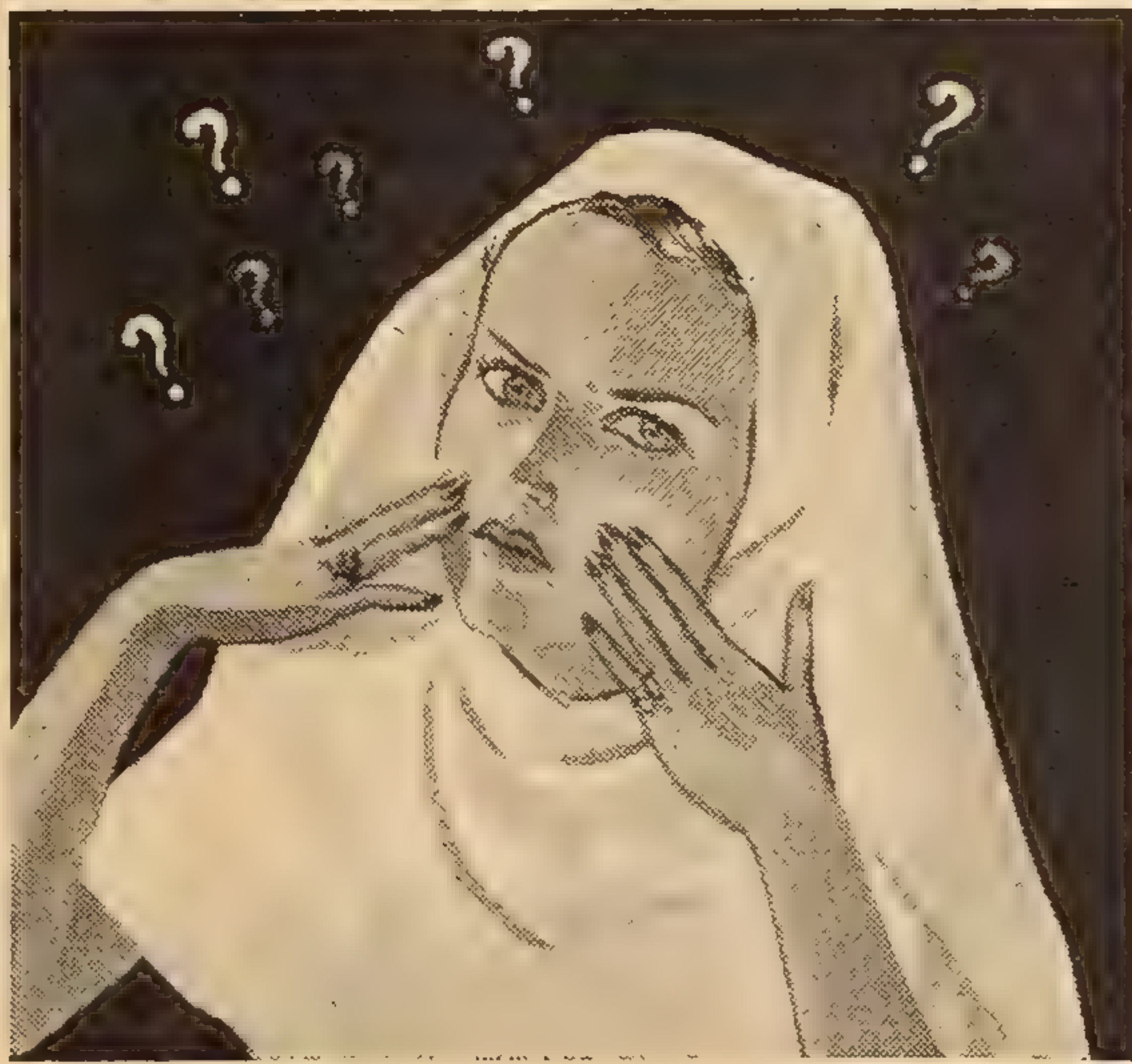
LADY ESTHER SAYS—



## "To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



**Go get the facts** and you'll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



**Heavy creams** demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are*? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



**The speed of life** today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



**Lovely skin** brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "*young skin care*"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



**Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

## Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

**ARE YOU** sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there...* to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own

eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams **FAIL TO GET OUT!**

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

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**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

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## 7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW DOES MARY STAY  
SO RESTED? SHE'S  
ALREADY DRIVEN OVER  
400 MILES!"



HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.



# Beech-Nut

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS  
and see which you like the best. Besides the  
popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut  
Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies  
—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

## What Really Makes a Woman Dangerous?

[Continued from page 25]

continued Dorothy, "there are women who collect men's hearts with the same zest and lust that the male hunter feels in adding to his jungle trophies—they are the ones to be called 'dangerous.' However, I believe, most women employ their charms and graces because they really want to win some man for their own, so they are justified. Now, men like excitement in their wooing, and if a girl can be modern and up-to-date, yet a bit old-fashioned, too, she's bound to be a winner!

"My primitive, jungle characters, being free from inhibitions, are bold in the pursuit of love. With no traditions or ethics to guide them, they go after what they want without bothering with subtleties. They are more honest, more ruthless than a civilized sorceress. Also, more loyal, as well as more selfish.

"In 'Spawn of the North' I was a girl from the lowest strata whose emotions were elemental. I liked her because she was exciting. She took what she wanted without counting the cost, then gamely paid the price. Now, in 'Disputed Passage' I'm playing the most thrilling role I've ever had. The girl is an American but has been reared by the Chinese and she's become one with that race, except for the heritage of blood. There's a beautiful romance between her and a young doctor and she follows the Oriental repression, giving little hint of turbulent emotions. Yet, the gliding body, the fluttering movements of her hands, her voice, her eyes, all speak for her. The people of the East have developed imagination to an almost visible point."

Dorothy's career is amazing, for this little girl from New Orleans has won top spots on screen and radio within three short years. Her pictures are theatre favorites, and as Charlie McCarthy's girlfriend Dottie, on the N.B.C. Chase and Sanborn Sunday broadcast, she's beloved the world over. She's had her ups and downs, her disappointments and her griefs, but they've left no mark on her radiant, sweet personality.

Dorothy has bought a beautiful home in Cold Water Canyon, not far from her predecessor in sorcery, Myrna Loy, who dropped her menace to become the Perfect Wife, and here she and her mother live quietly and happily. Dorothy should be dubbed the lovable vamp, for while she has glamour and mystery, with an exotic quality that grips the imagination, she's soft and sweet, and ultra feminine in everything. She wears her long hair, that has escaped the modern shears, in a soft coil at her neck, with a ribbon bow catching a few curls at the side of her face. She adores clothes, simple, dainty things, and her every movement is full of rhythm.

"I suppose the really dangerous woman," continued Dorothy, at my urging for more particulars, "would create the suggestion of mystery, a devastating mystery that would haunt a man's thoughts—stir him. She'd project a feeling of restrained fire, smouldering, ready to burst into flame, for this would create suspense. How would

she do this? I'm sure I don't know.

"Maybe, the Victorian woman knew more about the art of romance, how to win and hold her man. Whether her tactics would work today is a question, but the modern girl is losing something very precious. The old-fashioned woman knew that man is the hunter, that he likes to test his mettle, and is not apt to value anything too easily won.

"Every woman has her own special brand of allure and she should develop this, for a carbon copy of another's charms is pretty flat. If one can be an Individualist, stand out from the surrounding crowd, that is the greatest of all assets because it suggests a mental originality, too, that side-steps ruts and drab corners. We can't be dangerous, or even interesting, with an inferiority complex, so we must acquire poise and self-assurance, and we should all cultivate charm, for it is the one lasting quality that defies Time.

"Beauty? Of course, it attracts. But you'll notice that more often than not, men disregard this when falling in love for there are many other qualities more potent in stirring their emotions than a pretty face. Too, men are more clothes-conscious than women realize, but they are intrigued by effect rather than detail.

"The emotional influence of clothes is very subtle, both for the wearer and those who see us, and offers a tremendous aid in creating moods and backgrounds; women should study this. When one permits her seductive abilities to lead her into tricks, she loses her man. Nothing in the world so frightens the male as to feel he's the victim of any kind of trickery. I believe men are extravagant in their admiration of sincerity, honesty and good taste in women, and it is well for us all to remember this.

"Some women can cast one alluring glance at a man and it is dynamite. A face like an open book can't be glamorous because men thrill to the unexpectedness of the exciting personality that hints but doesn't reveal. They revel in the adventure of discovering undercurrents. It is the hidden mystery in the smiling eyes of the famous painting of Mona Lisa that has made it the rave for centuries.

"Men yearn for love just as much as women, but they never let it absorb them, always retaining other interests and keeping their balance. Women are the foolish ones, for they emotionally toss all their eggs into one basket, and when the basket tips, as it usually does, they feel life is over!"

Dorothy stopped abruptly. Her own beautiful romance ended recently, when she and Herbie Kay were divorced after a few happy years. Different careers, prolonged separations, caused the inevitable drifting apart. At the moment, Dorothy feels she's through with love and romance—it's career for her from now on. But if ever a girl was made for love, for glamorous romance, it is Dorothy Lamour. She can't escape it, it is bound to catch up with her again—someday!





Franciska Gaal, the Hungarian beauty, has been faithful to her English lessons and now has mastered the language.

## He's Always Thinking of the Other Fellow

[Continued from page 60]

by a call. Goldwyn wished him to hurry to his home instantly. Expecting a calamity, no less, Joel rushed over. "Barbara Stanwyck hasn't enough sex appeal!" Sam greeted him. Pointing his finger in Joel's face, he added, "Has she for you?" Smiling wryly, Joel retorted. "That's hardly the point. She has plenty of appeal for Taylor and ten million women know he could do his own choosing!" Barbara Stanwyck got that part; the picture was "Stella Dallas."

And then there is the touching story of the little old lady hitch-hiker whom Joel gave a ride to. He learned more of human courage when she refused to accept a gift of a suit for her son. She had asked him for a ride four years before, and he recalled that. Inquiring what she carried in the bags she was weighted down with, he discovered she was packing laundry back and forth from Hollywood to the country in order to support her son. She was making, this second time he stopped her, a number of extra trips to get him a decent suit for his graduation. Joel said he would like to buy the suit for him. "Who are you that you can throw away money?" she responded. "I work in pictures," Joel said quietly. "Oh," she nodded, "my boy sees movies. I was able to afford one once myself. I remember it well, 'The Birth of a Nation.' But I couldn't accept that, thank you very much."

Joel doesn't judge by appearances. He doesn't miss much, as a result. Things aren't always going wrong with him, because he isn't always doing things the wrong way, and he gets a break at the drop of a hat in Hollywood because he thinks of the other fellow, as well as of himself.

Maybe he explains himself most accurately when he admits, "I hate to do anything that isn't constructive." Probe him about his method for maintaining his equilibrium and he grins, "I'm diplomatic to a degree, then I fight like hell!"

## A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT\*



HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.



HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.



HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

**BUT...**  
her own neglect was really the cause of his indifference

\*The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMINE HYGIENE.

### Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

IF THERE is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are . . .

1. **Non-Caustic**. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness**. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter.
3. **Spreading**. "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out germs.
4. **Economy**. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
5. **Odor**. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. **Stability**. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

1889—1939  
50th ANNIVERSARY



#### What Every Woman Should Know

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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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# LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

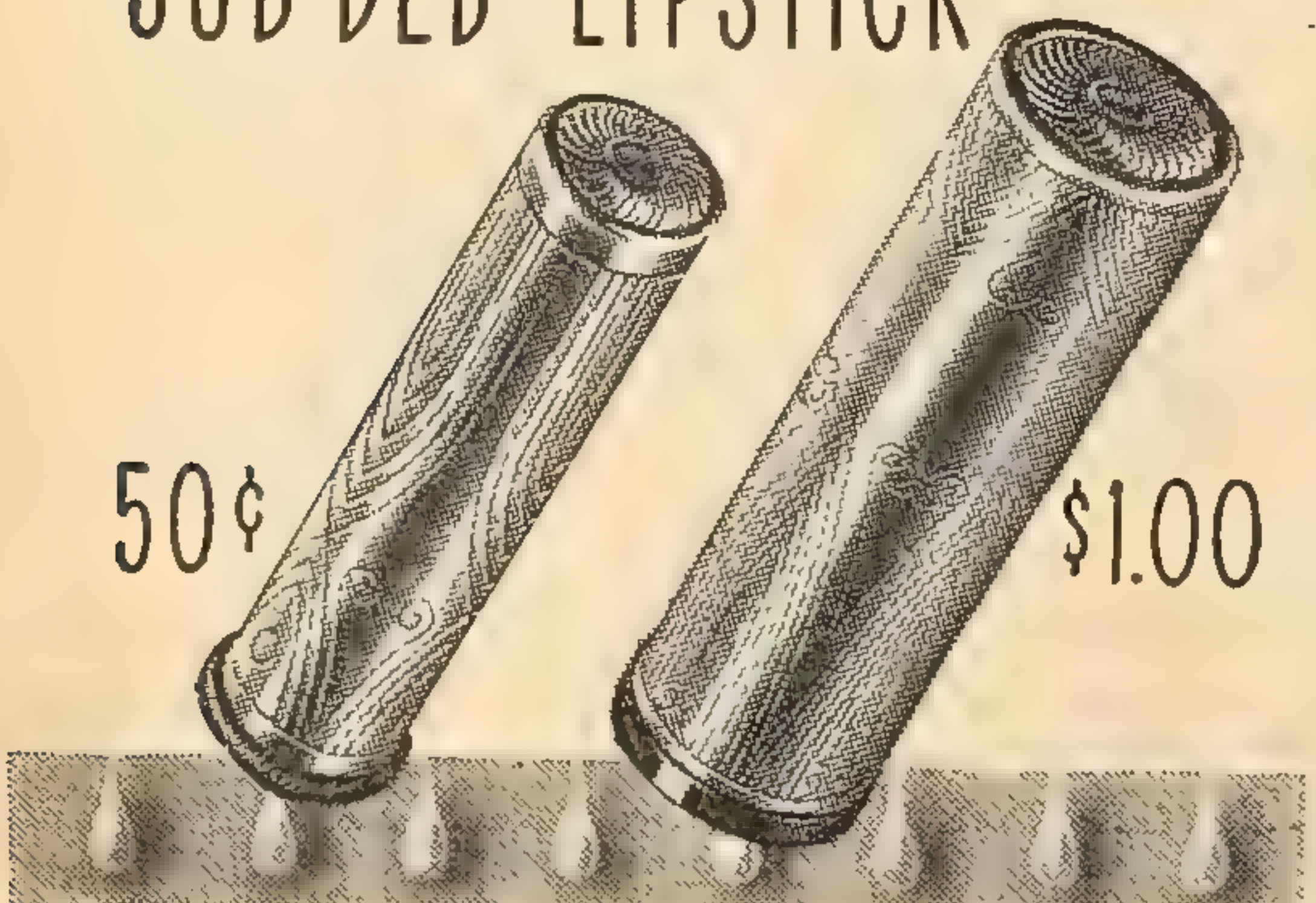
Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

"Air-Spun" Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

## COTY

### SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

## Janet Does an Off to Yuma!

[Continued from page 17]

I look forward to a richness and fullness of living that I never could have known if I had continued to live always just by myself."

"But what about your career?" I asked in alarm. Too much happiness is a dangerous thing for a movie career.

"Oh, I don't know," said Janet casually. "Maybe I'll just be Mrs. A."

But I happen to know through my spy system—Mata Hari brought it to me in an olive in a Martini—that the little Gaynor has several very important pictures in mind. Janet has reached that very comfortable and easy position on the Hollywood ladder of fame where she can afford to be choosy.

Sure enough, the Monday following my Saturday visit to her beach house Janet and Adrian were driven by Janet's chauffeur, Clifford Mogale (*who looks like a double of Charles Laughton*) to Yuma, Arizona, where they were married by Justice of the Peace Ed. Winn in the San Carlos Hotel. Mogale, who has been with Janet for ten years, stood up with them. They immediately took the train for El Paso following the short ceremony, and then on to Mexico City. Two days after the marriage, I talked to Mrs. Gaynor who had already received a letter and three wires from her daughter and new son-in-law. They simply oozed happiness.

It was just about a year ago that Janet and Adrian started "going together" and had the Hollywood gossips buzzing away over a new, and rather unexpected, romance. Adrian, as you know, is Gilbert Adrian, a former Naugatuck, Connecticut, boy whose designing skill led him to Paris, New York, (*where he created the costumes for Irving Berlin's Music Box Revues*) and then to Hollywood, where, for a number of years, he has been designing clothes for Metro's most smartly gowned stars—Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, and dozens of other women. Adrian is only thirty-five but he is credited with having more influence on American fashions than any other designer in the country. Whenever a woman sees "Gowns by Adrian" on the screen she draws a delicious sigh of relief, knowing that she is about to feast her eyes on something really chic. Although always impeccably groomed, Janet had never been particularly clothes-conscious until she started "dating" with Adrian. She still clung to the curls and old-fashioned hairdress that her fans loved in "Seventh Heaven." But Adrian changed all that. Now she has one of the smartest coiffures in Hollywood, and is recognized as one of the "best dressed" stars. Reds and browns Adrian feels are her best colors.

Janet and Adrian first met in 1933, when Janet was under contract to Fox Films. They wanted her to appear "different" in "Paddy the Next Best Thing" so Fox arranged with Metro to have Adrian do her clothes. Janet and he paid very little attention to each other. A

year or so later Janet bumped into Adrian at a preview and didn't even recognize him. "Remember me," said Adrian, "I'm Adrian." Janet was quite embarrassed, and made a mental note never to forget a face in the future. When Janet was loaned to Metro by Selznick International for the lead in "Three Loves Has Nancy" Adrian was assigned to do her clothes, and this time Janet remembered him quite well. They lunched together regularly during the production of the picture.

Fourth of July, a year ago, Janet gave a small party at her beach house and invited Adrian. She tried a bit of "small talk," gay and inconsequential, and she tried a bit of flirting in the Hollywood manner, and suddenly discovered that Adrian wasn't the type to be trifled with. He was the most sincere person she had ever met in all her life! They found they had a common interest in many things, travel, books, music, psychology, and Yoga philosophy. (*Yoga philosophy, in case you're dumb like me, has many wonderful beliefs: "Do not hate anybody, because that hatred which comes out from you, must, in the long run, come back to you." And "There is no happiness higher than what a man obtains through his attitude of non-offensiveness to all creation."*) In the Bublichki restaurant on the Sunset Strip Adrian and Janet would listen to Russian music and discuss Yoga philosophy until the sun popped over the Hollywood hills.

When they return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. A. will live at Adrian's beautiful home out in Toluca Lake. Adrian has a valuable collection of rare birds and monkeys—so let's hope Janet likes birds and monkeys. Adrian also has a small ranch house in the desert near Victorville where they will spend most of their week-ends, and where they can completely relax and "get away from it all." Although they are far from being anti-social neither Janet nor Adrian care for big Hollywood parties.

This is Adrian's first marriage. It is the second for Janet. Soon after she made "Seventh Heaven" young Lydell Peck, the son of a well known attorney in Oakland, fell madly in love with the screen Janet. He had known Bill Howard, the director, so he came to Hollywood and fairly drove Bill nuts until he had arranged an introduction. After a whirlwind courtship he and Janet married and he was given a job at the Fox studio as associate producer. They were divorced in 1933.

Janet isn't the demure little person you may think her at all. She has one of the grandest senses of humor in this town. And a wit that is second to none. Well, maybe, second to Adrian's. The Adrian quips are famous. The Glamour Girls on the Metro lot never complain about their fittings in his salon because they know that his humor will have them fairly bursting out their seams. Often, too often, he stoops to punning. But Janet doesn't seem to mind. So why should we?



# Mr. Stewart Goes to Washington

[Continued from page 27]

over an hour at Washington Airport for a glimpse of Jimmy when he arrived. And although he had caught cold on the flight East, he took time to give autographs, pose for cameramen and greet newspapermen and friends before leaving for his hotel.

An insistent girl reporter, a cameraman and this writer got him out of bed the next morning. He was as amiable as if his sleep had been undisturbed. But he was completely firm about not discussing politics, the chief industry of Washington, and about not wanting to be a public official, even if anyone would vote for him (*which he doubted*).

"I just want to be an actor," he explained.

"I want to be as good an actor as I can, but I know I'd be a terrible politician!"

As an actor, he was glad that he would be able to be a sightseer, too.

"This is my second trip to Washington, but I don't remember much about the first one," he said.

"That was late in the war, when as a kid I came here to say hello to my father, who was in the army. All I remember about that trip was seeing the Capitol and seeing my Dad."

As Senator Smith, Stewart had plenty of opportunity to see all of Washington's

sights. The sequence filmed in the Capital City was under the supervision of Slavko Vorkapitch, Russian genius whose montage work and special effects have included the earthquake in "San Francisco," the cyclone in "Hurricane" and many other unusual scenes.

There is no earthquake in "Mr. Smith," although the new Senator does cause something of an upheaval in Washington's political circles. But it was necessary to show, on the screen, that Senator Smith had been sightseeing in Washington for five hours.

Cameras were set up at the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the National Press Club, the Senate Office Building—and there was even a scene of Stewart boarding a Washington street car. The total of five days shooting will occupy but two or three minutes of screen time, but as photographed and mounted by Vorkapitch, it will give a clear impression that the young Senator really covered some territory.

"The Lincoln Memorial is the most important of all," Stewart explained.

"As Jeff Smith, I don't know anything about Napoleon or Shakespeare, but, boy, do I know my Lincoln!"

A movie agent, overhearing him, hinted that Stewart in real life is much better acquainted with the works of Shakespeare.

Stewart grinned.

"I've never played Shakespeare. Everybody figured I would look terrible in tights. You know, my legs!"

Stewart, it is obvious, doesn't take things seriously. His easy-going air was disturbed only once, when he recalled five weeks of hard work which he and Jean Arthur put in learning to shag for "You Can't Take It With You."

"We thought we were pretty hot stuff, too," he recalled, but they cut the whole thing out. And say, by a week later, I couldn't remember a single step. I liked, it, too—wish I could do it now."

Stewart doesn't hold this against Frank Capra, however. He has complete faith in the director.

"Once he starts a picture, everybody connected with it knows that Capra is going to do everything possible to make it a hit. It isn't a case of making a film because you have to meet a release date.

"He's a great little guy, and when he's sitting there, you just naturally do your best. And if your best isn't good enough on the first shot, you know he'll be patient and there will be plenty more shots to give you a chance to come through."

Inevitable, of course, in any interview with Stewart is the question of his bachelorhood. He admits he would like to get married, but having just made ten pictures in a row, didn't see where he had had much time to look into the matter.

"I've been pretty busy," he explains, "but I can't say I haven't been looking. I don't care whether she's an actress or

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HEY, FELLAS—I BROUGHT HER

GEE, IF HONEY COULD SEE ME NOW!

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not, but I do hope someday to find the right girl."

That, of course, brought up the question of Washington women.

"That's funny," said Jim. "It's one of the questions a girl reporter asks Senator Smith in the picture. But I'm darned if I can remember what the answer is!"

That interview terminated, Stewart, shaved, dressed, had some breakfast and repaired to the Lincoln Memorial, where cameras were being set up. The usual crowd of tourists who were visiting the Memorial had an added thrill. Many of them were invited by Assistant Director Black to take part in the scenes being shot. Old and young, they did their bit for the camera and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" will be eagerly awaited by a number of Americans who happened to be visiting Washington that July day.

While set-ups were being completed, Stewart disappeared. A few minutes later he was located, his personal movie camera in hand, making an angle shot of the Lincoln statue.

After that afternoon's shooting was completed—and an unfriendly sun made progress difficult—Senator Stewart repaired to Washington's Variety Club, recreation center for Capitol showmen, and amazed a small town exhibitor, three film salesmen and a Columbia distributor (not to mention a couple of publicity men) by pretty well refusing to talk about Stewart. He was more interested in hearing what the salesmen had to say about pictures than in delivering any speeches about himself.

It was all very valuable, Stewart insisted, this getting the slant of people far from the ivory towers of Hollywood and in close contact with the real movie public.

"I'm in something of a spot anyhow," Jim explained.

"You see, I figure I'm somewhere between the Gables and Taylors and Flynns—the big popular male stars—and the Donald Meeks and Edward Arnolds of the more specialized types of roles.

"In Hollywood, they seem to have a hard time deciding what I am. Sometimes they call me a 'character juvenile,' sometimes it's 'character lead.' Sometimes it's just 'character!'"

"So anything I can learn from you boys about pictures people like, and roles they enjoy, is worth a lot to me."

Completely overcome by a film star who wanted to learn something from them, the film men did their best to give Stewart the benefit of their experience. By dint of much probing, they discovered that he himself liked best of all his work for Capra and his role in an early picture, "Next Time We Love." And he wondered if a story like "Made For Each Other" wasn't too close to real life, too true, to make real entertainment for people.

He named as his own favorite players Spencer Tracy, Alfred Lunt of stage fame, Paul Muni and—on the feminine side—Margaret Sullavan. He also spoke highly of Jean Arthur, his leading lady in both "You Can't Take It With You" and "Mr. Smith." And for sheer good fun, he couldn't help but rave about "Hellzapoppin," which he had seen in a brief New York visit last winter.

But after the important business of discussing pictures and players had been finished, Senator Stewart relaxed completely and, in answer to questions, told some anecdotes about his pre-Hollywood days. He admitted to being born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, although nobody present had ever heard of it; talked about student days at Mercersburg Academy, in Pennsylvania, and at Princeton University, where he graduated with the class of 1932.

Most fun of all was his discussion of a summer vacation which he spent as assistant to a magician playing a Chautauqua Circuit in Pennsylvania. The assistant, it seems, had a hard time; Stewart, in person as in pictures, is a fun-loving rather slow-moving, drawling person. A magician's assistant has to move fast.

Jimmy recalled one night when he was walking on the stage to hand a guinea pig to the magician. Stretched from the stage center to the wings was a very important wire, invisible to the audience but in plain view to Jim. Not thinking, he ducked under the wire, making its presence pretty plain—much to his and the prestidigitator's embarrassment.

In another town, he recalled an incident that almost turned the magic act into a Sennett comedy. He and the magician were both on stage, raising a lady into midair by hypnotic powers. In the wings, a local stage hand was entrusted with a lever which, when gently pulled, worked an invisible apparatus which raised and lowered the lady.

When the magic passes were completed, the lady failed to move. A quick glance in the wings revealed that the stagehand was fast asleep!

Stewart, by much coughing and shouting behind his hand, managed to arouse this hapless assistant. The local man, realizing that he was far behind in his duties, grabbed the lever and gave one tremendous push, tossing the lady into the air faster than an express elevator and nearly knocking Stewart and his boss over in the rush!

Stagestruck after his Chautauqua experience, Jim lost no time in looking for work behind footlights after his graduation. Small parts in several plays helped to get him started and it was then that he and another young man engaged an apartment in New York.

The other young fellow, by the name of Henry Fonda, rushed into the theater one day to announce that he had found the ideal home site for two far from wealthy actors. Jim went with him and added his approval. It was a fine apartment, and so reasonable.

They lived there a whole year before they discovered why the rent was so low. A murder in the block woke them up to the fact that their neighbor on one side was a gentleman known familiarly as "Dutch" Schultz, while adjoining them on the other side was the establishment of an equally infamous character—Mister "Legs" Diamond! Jimmy still insists that it was a swell spot, although they were a little amazed by a hotel in the same block which kept changing its name.

They finally discovered that every time a murder was committed on the premises, this hostelry put up a new electric sign—and the basement was full of signs which were used from time to time and then





Exotic Patricia Morison being escorted to a premiere by Preston Foster.

replaced as the house, under its old name, received unpleasant newspaper publicity!

Before the evening ended, most of the Variety Club members were grouped around Stewart, laughing heartily at his anecdotes. But when he suddenly realized that his audience had grown and he was doing most of the talking, Jim proved very definitely that he would never make a Senator. He yielded the floor at the first excuse and soon was on his way back to the hotel for dinner.

The rest of Stewart's visit to Washington was nearly as full as his first day. Whenever the weather permitted, shooting was resumed around town. One difficulty developed when it was discovered that scenes shot in Hollywood showing Senator Smith looking up at pictures on the walls of the Capitol were hard to do in reverse in Washington. The pictures he looked up at all hung at eye level, actually. And vice-versa.

This difficulty overcome—by one camera trick or another—further trouble was created by enthusiastic tourists who turned their attention from scenes of historic interest to Stewart whenever he appeared. It was a real task to keep the 'extras' interested in Washington's sights when they all wanted to stare at a Hollywood star—and no senator, not even Senator Smith, would have created so much interest.

Even official Washington became interested in the lanky visitor. One Senator—a man who expects to win the presidential nomination at the next convention—kept his secretary busy phoning the Stewart hotel room; Jimmy, much as he appreciated the interest, didn't have time to meet the real Senator. But he did find a moment, during the week, to call on a Princeton classmate and the two of them spent valuable time poring over pictures in a college photo album.

That, to Jimmy Stewart, was probably the highlight of the whole trip. For he is a friendly guy, who remembers his friends—and gets the biggest kick in the world out of being remembered by them!

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(Columbia Pictures Star)  
says "A man finds  
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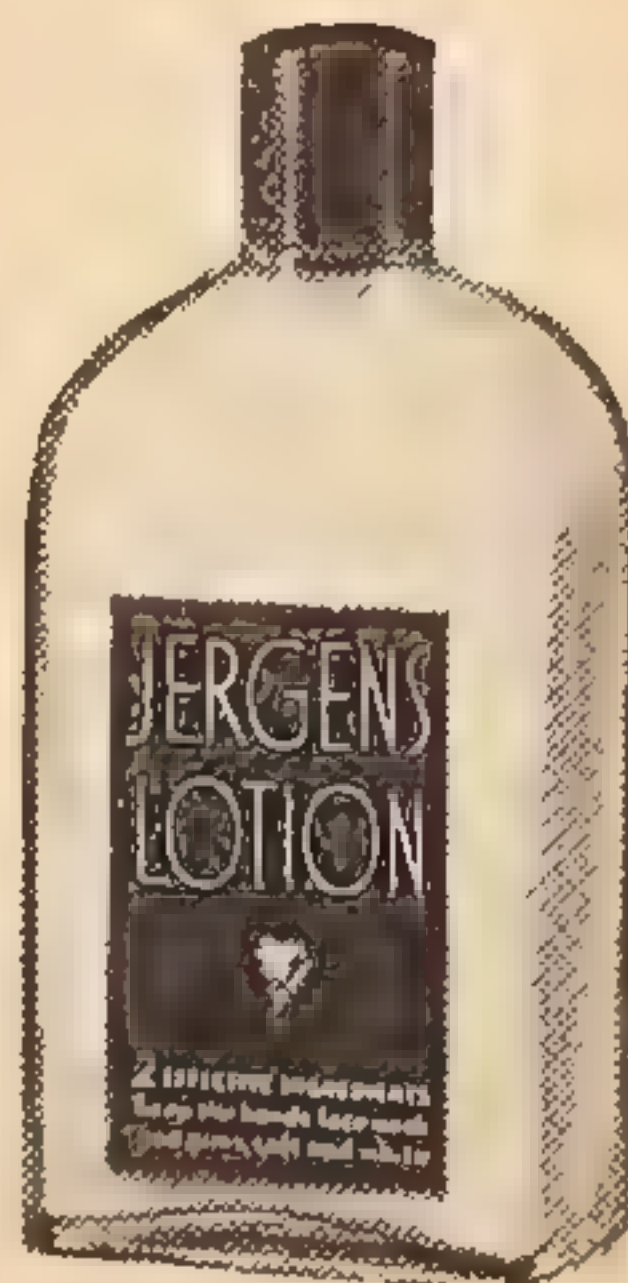


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## "All Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest!"

[Continued from page 39]

ities. Two are blondes and two are brunettes. Two of the girls are married, two are not. One of them never thought of becoming an actress. One thought of it when she was half grown up. Three of them come from families of very modest means. One of them is the child of a well-to-do father. One went to Dramatic School, three did not go to Dramatic School. So, you see, there are no hard-and-fast rules—you can't say "I'm married, what chance have I?" or "my folks were poor, I didn't have opportunities"—no, you can't alibi yourselves, for these girls didn't. . . .

If you are interested in Astrology, want to check your horoscopes with theirs, Linda Darnell was born on October 16th, 1921; Brenda Marshall on September 29th, 1915; Brenda Joyce on February 25th, 1918, and Helen Gilbert on July 4th, 1915.

If you'd like to compare your physical type to theirs, Brenda Joyce has fair hair, fair skin, blue eyes, weighs 112 pounds, is five feet four inches in her bobby socks; Helen Gilbert is fair, too, with golden hair, blue eyes, white rose-petal skin, stands five feet one-half inch in height, weighs 113 pounds; Brenda Marshall is very dark, gypsy dark hair, hazel eyes, olive skin, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 108 pounds; Linda Darnell is dark, too, though not quite so 'brune' as Brenda, her skin is rosy-olive, eyes a brilliant brown, hair matches her eyes, she is five feet four and three-quarters inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. All four girls are natural, as natural as God made them. None of them have "touched up" their hair. None of them have permanent waves. None of them use any street make-up save for a flip dash of lipstick.

And now, suppose we let the girls tell their own stories of how-come they came to Hollywood, by what routes, via what qualities, breaks, ambitions or efforts. Then you girls who read may say: "I think I might do it the way Brenda Joyce did" or "I believe Linda's way is my best bet!"

For these girls have certainly proven, right handsomely, too, that *it can be done*, that if all roads lead to Rome, then several roads lead to Hollywood, too. Four roads at the very least . . . four separate roads which they have taken, the two Brendas, Linda and Helen. . . .

\* \* \*

Brenda Marshall told me: "I always wanted to be an actress in a vague sort of way. But I was ashamed to admit it. Because I thought that wanting to be an actress implied being very beautiful and so was conceited. And I wasn't beautiful at all. I was a little, thin brown child, sort of scrawny. No one in my family had ever been in the theatre. My father, Otto Peter Ankerson (*my real name is Ardis Ankerson*) owns one of the largest sugar plantations on the small island of Negros, where I was born and where I lived until I was nine years old. (*Brenda is one movie girl who can boast a sure-*

*enough "Sugar Daddy"!*) I have one sister, a few years older than I. My mother died when I was eight. And then we went to San Antonio, Texas, my sister and I, and lived with our step-mother.

"I was a Junior in High School—the Alamo Heights High School, where Ann Sheridan was also a pupil a little before my time, before I ever really thought of becoming an actress.

"Up to that time I'd never even played at Make-Believe. I'd never made up little plays and acted in them. I never did any of the things most actresses say they did when they were kids. I'd seen a few movies, but mostly very old ones, on the Island of Negros. They never meant anything to me except just something to do. Well, when I was a Junior in High, I tried out for and got a part in a play called *The Rosary*. That was the beginning. *That started me.*

"After that one little play everything I did was directed to one end—the Stage. That little play is exactly why I am making *Career Man* in Hollywood today. Then I won the prize for the best performance given by the pupils of all the High Schools in San Antonio county. After I graduated from High I entered TSCW—the Texas State College for Women. I stayed only two years. I doubt that I would have got a diploma, anyway, since I took all the courses which don't do much for you by way of credits—speech courses, dramatics, painting, music and so on. I shunned sororities like the plague. I can honestly say that I lived and breathed the Theatre. I even managed to break precedent, being the only Freshman to get a part in one of the Little Theatre plays, which is a senior course.

"At the end of my second year I quit college because I couldn't wait any longer to get on the stage. But I was faced with the great problem of *how* to get on the stage. I must get to New York. I knew that. That was all I did know. Dramatic School was one way, I supposed, but what Dramatic School? We had some friends who knew Arthur Hopkins and they asked Mr. Hopkins for his advice. He wrote saying that "the only Dramatic School to which I would send any daughter of mine is Madame Ouspenskaya's." That did it.

"I had a little income of my own, derived from some investments my father had made for me. Not much, but I wouldn't starve. I went to New York. I enrolled at Mme. Ouspenskaya's and I am completely glad that I did. There are many ways, of course, but I think that if girls can go to the *best* dramatic schools, they should go. But better not go to any unless you can go to the best. And almost any one *can* go *if they are willing to work for it*. You can always try out for scholarships, you know, and keep trying out . . . you can do whatever you want to do, I believe, if you want to *hard enough*.

"I was two years with Mme. Ouspenskaya and I think she is the greatest liv-

ing teacher of Dramatics. We had the most rigorous training. The discipline was terrific. And it was discipline I needed, never having had any. Richard Gaines (*who is now playing Raymond Massey's part in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"*) was Ouspenskaya's co-director. In the summer he would take us up to Peterborough, New Hampshire, to join the Peterborough Players, a sort of summer stock. Which gave me all kinds of experience. I played the leads in all kinds of the best, most *teaching* plays, *Candida*, *The Guardsman* and others. *I never even started with small parts*. And while I was in Peterborough, two summers ago," smiled the young Brenda, "it was a case of 'pupil and teacher read no more that day,' for Richard and I were married. No, I *don't* think that marriage hinders a girl's career . . . I think that the more 'fullness of life and living' we can have, the richer our work will be.

"Well, the next thing I did was to appear in the American premiere of Shaw's *On the Rocks* at Daly's Theatre in New York. All the first-string critics were there. We had a regular opening and all, and nice things were said about my work. Through that part I got several screen tests. *Nothing came of them*. I made one for M-G-M, which is best forgotten. One for 20th Century-Fox, which *was* forgotten. I just about gave up in despair, deciding that I would never photograph worth a cent, when Paramount sent Artie Jacobsen, their ace talent scout, to New York to make some tests. I read for him and he was enthusiastic. I made a test for him and when I saw it, *I was* enthusiastic. I didn't know that I could photograph so well. But not a word did I hear. Then I thought it was just no use. If that test didn't get me to Hollywood, nothing ever would.

"Time passed. Suddenly, a teletype message came through to Warner Brothers offices in New York. The studio had seen my test. The message read. 'Have Brenda Marshall fly to Hollywood on the 6.20 plane this afternoon to test for a Hal Wallis production, *Career Man*.' I bought an extra pair of stockings," laughed Brenda, "and I flew! I got the part. I got a contract. I flew right into the Cuckoo's Nest, indeed! And it's all a hundred times more wonderful than I thought it would be, and that's the truth. I'm glad I had my dramatic school training, glad I had my experience on the stage. For once you get used to that camera, you have the same problems on the screen as on the stage, that's why the stage is valuable preliminary training for the screen."

I said, "What one particular quality is most necessary to get a gal to Hollywood, do you think, into the movies?"

"Frankly," said the dark Brenda, "I think looks *are* pretty important. After all, there's not much call for young character actresses. But, given a fair amount of looks. I would say that *Determination* is the one necessary thing. For, if you hold one thought in your mind, one thought only, it does seem to work out . . . so that," said Brenda, "is how *I* flew into the Cuckoo's Nest!"

\* \* \*

Brenda Joyce told me, "None of my people were ever on the stage but all my family just love to talk! I was born in



Kansas City, you know. My real name is Betty Leabo. I'm an only child which might be considered a liability since only children are supposed to be spoiled and a spoiled child might make for a petulant, temperamental actress. But I think being an only child helped me, in a way . . . being alone so much, Mother working most of the time, I read and read and read. And my reading has given me a background which does help when you are in pictures. For instance, knowing something about India came in very handy for me when I played Fern in *The Rains Came*!

"When I was five, Mother and I came to San Bernardino to live and I went to Grade School there. Then we moved here to Los Angeles and I went to L.A. High where I was quite active in such extra-curricular activities as being Vice-President of the Student Body and head of the Brush and Quill and other offices. I was quite good at dramatics and public speaking, too, and won a scholarship to the University of Southern California, in 1936. After one semester there I transferred to U.C.L.A. I joined the Delta Gamma sorority. I think sororities help you, if you want to become an actress, and can afford them. You learn how to meet all kinds of people, how to talk with them on their own ground. If I hadn't had my sorority experience when I met Mr. Zanuck as, all unbeknown to me, dear knows, I was so soon to do, I'd have wobbled so they would have had to carry me in—and out, no doubt!

"I always wanted to be an actress, *always*. I remember seeing Mary Pickford on the screen when I was very tiny and screaming right out loud in the theatre: 'Oh, if I could only do that!' All my life I've read every book I could find about the theatre. I read all the fan magazines from cover to cover. I see every movie, I do believe, that is made and I've seldom missed a legitimate show here in Los Angeles. As a small child I'd go about imitating every actress I saw on the stage or screen. I knew that I wanted, *awfully*, to be an actress. But how to go about being one, I didn't know!

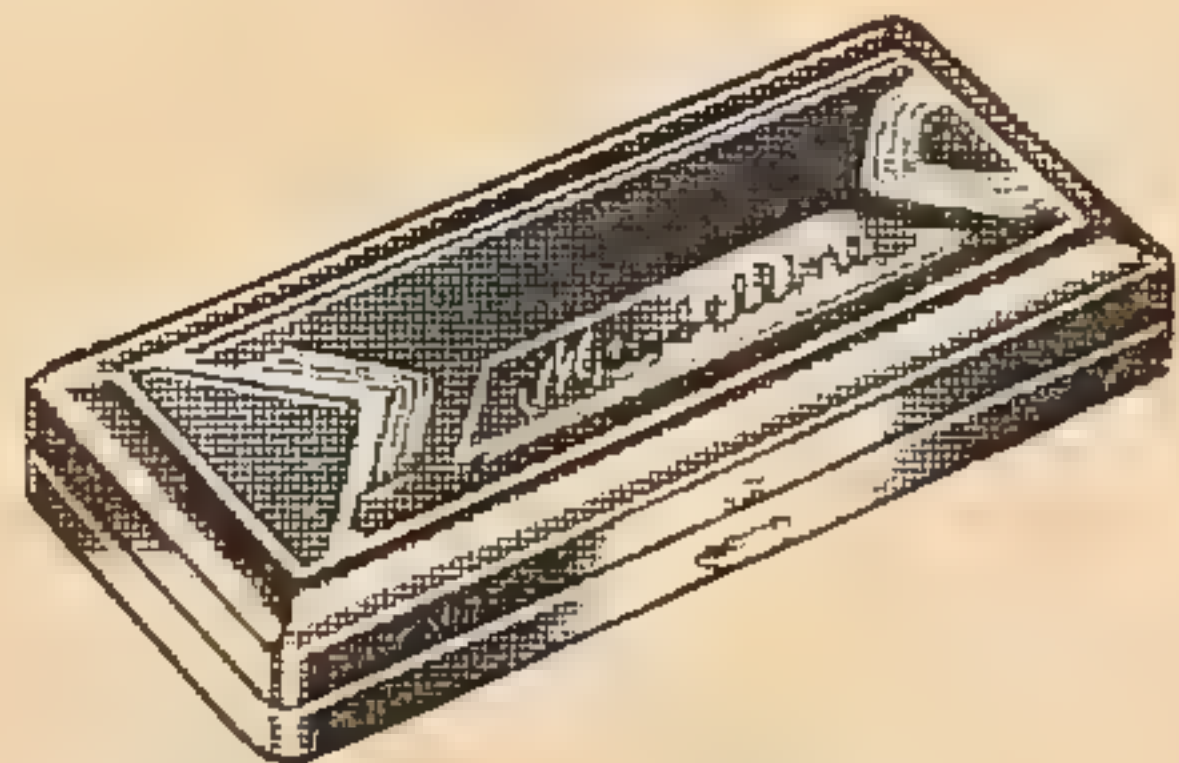
"Well, I quit college after two years (*this Brenda, too!*) "I had done some dramatic work in college, mostly Shakespearean plays, but I started to work as a photographer's model. I had to earn my living. Mother and I were apart then, for the first time. She accepted a position as house-mother in a boy's school in the East. I got work as a model merely by looking up the names of photographers in the phone book.

"It took a little time and going-the-rouunds on foot, but eventually I posed for shoe ads, automobile ads, toothpaste ads and so on. My picture was in *Life* a couple of times, advertising shoes. And let me tell you, girls, this kind of work doesn't hurt you one bit if you are hoping to get into the movies. Because I learned, a very little later, that Mr. Zanuck had seen one of my photographs smiling gaily out of some advertisement and he remembered it because he thought I looked like he thought Fern looked and that was instrumental in my getting the part. . . . Well, then I met an agent, Frances Bailie, through some tennis friends of mine. And she offered to take

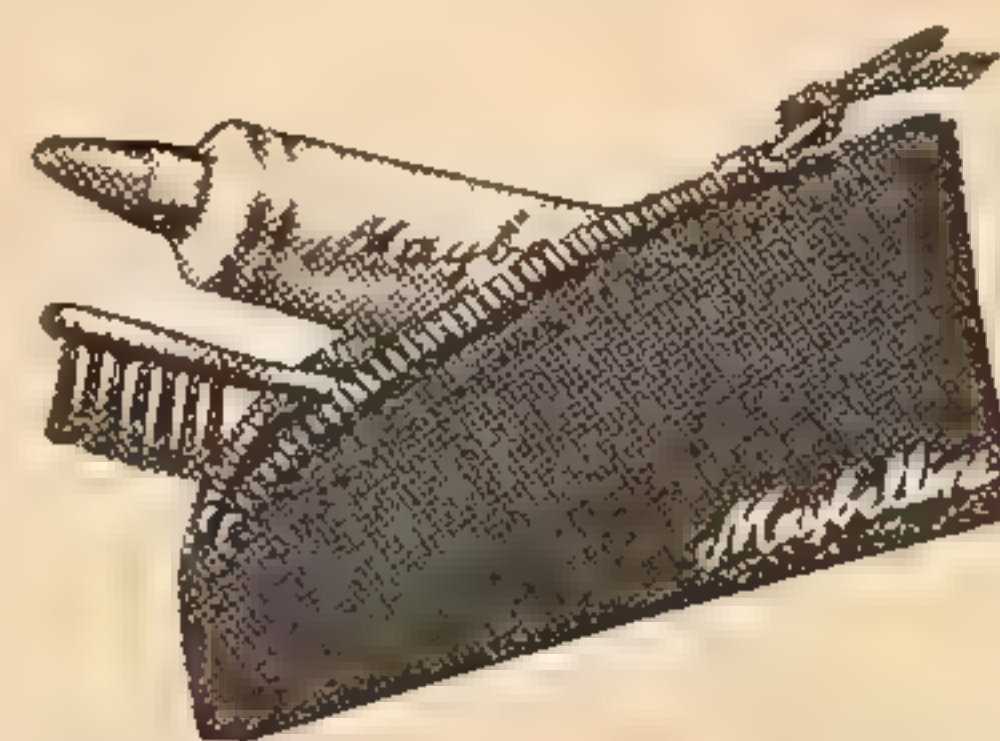


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New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes . . . expressive eyebrows . . . soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—Maybelline.



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Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!





# Contents

## THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless*. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living*.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual... making and keeping appointments... enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

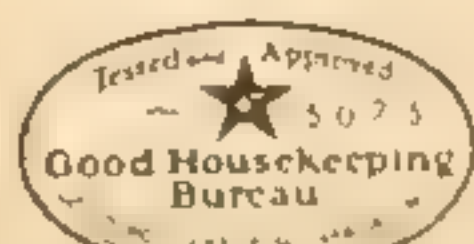
Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

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# MIDOL



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Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

me on the rounds of the studios. Now you are saying, 'Poof, it was Luck with her, just Luck!' Yes, and no, to that. Because I wouldn't have met Frances Bailie if I hadn't done a lot of circulating, kept up a lot of activities, such as tennis, badminton and all. I honestly believe that *circulating* is one way for a girl to get somewhere in Hollywood, no matter where she may be, whether here in Hollywood or somewhere in the sticks. Because you *never know*. You never know whom you may meet, or where. Agents, talent scouts, someone who knows someone who can "do" something for you are found under current bushes these days!

"So, I met Frances Bailie, and when she offered to take me to the studios I chose to go to 20th Century-Fox first because I'd heard how they do so much for young people. That's how I got *in* the gates. Once there... well, Frances took me to meet Lew Schreiber, Casting Director at Fox. He has the say as to whether you can make a test or not. He said that I could make a test. Then I was turned over to Tom Moore, who was the star of so many movies before he became a stellar coach at Fox. Tom coached me for my test, *which I believed was just for Stock*.

"And here's where Luck does enter into it for me... I happened to make my test just when Mr. Zanuck happened to be looking for his *Fern*. Anyway, Tom Moore tested me and tested me, laughing, crying, talking, walking. Then, one day, a cutter in the studio said to Director Clarence Brown: 'Found your Fern yet?' And Mr. Brown said 'No' and the cutter said 'take a look at this test, girl by name of Betty Leabo.' And he did. And then Mr. Zanuck saw the test and remembered my face in the toothpaste ad or whatever it was, and I was signed to a long-term contract and went into *The Rains Came*. They tested 58 girls for that part of mine, at a cost to the studio of \$40,000—think of it! It all happened to me within one week, which is miraculous!

"After *The Rains Came* I made *Here I Am, A Stranger* and well," laughed Brenda, "here I am... and not a 'stranger' at all but right at home, and comfy and happy even though it is so sudden, new and startling. I don't feel a stranger, because I've made friends.

"You asked me what quality I think is the most necessary to get a girl into the movies. Well, as I said, I think *circulating* is very important to get you *into* a studio. After that I'd say that the ability to make friends is just about the most important success quality I know. Because the ability to make friends not only helps you in every phase of your work but it also means that you have some sort of *personality*, which is more than looks, more, even, than the ability to act.

"For the rest, I'm going to work my head off. I'm not going to get married—not yet—even though I do go with one boy, and one boy only, and have ever since we were in high school and college together. I don't think you can have your mind on husband and career at one and the same time... and now that I have flown into the Cuckoo's Nest I'm going to nest right here..."

So, you see... one believes in marriage and career, one doesn't... one is all for sororities, one is all against them... and so on and on... comparisons may be odious but they are illuminating.

\* \* \*

Linda Darnell, who's already "clicked," said: "My mother had stage ambitions when she was a girl but her parents wouldn't hear of them, so I'm one of those girls who had their mothers' ambitions 'transferred' to them. I'm the third from youngest in a family of four girls and two boys. Which is helpful to any girl's career because it sure knocks any conceit she may have right out of her! My full name is Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell. My father has been a clerk in the Dallas Post Office for 30 years, so we didn't have a great deal of money, of course. From the very instant that I showed signs of wanting to sing and dance my mother just simply pounded on me and saw to it that I had dancing and piano lessons and, later, got into amateur shows and all. My 'first appearance on any stage,' as they say, was when, at the age of 10, I played Rachel in an Easter play at school. I wore the most beautiful cheesecloth dress and cried all over the place at the proper moments, and *adored* it. When I was very little I thought only of the stage, not of movies at all. I didn't even care about going to the movies, and don't now. All I thought about was acting myself, *in my own way*. I didn't care what other people did or how they did it. I still don't. I think, by the way, that my dancing lessons were the most valuable thing I did towards my career. Dancing gives you so much poise, so much. I took ballet and character dancing. Well, I graduated from Lida Hope Grammar School and was in the second half of my senior year at Sunset High School when I *first* came to Hollywood...

"I never, by the way, had any ambition for anything but acting. I never once thought that I might like to be a stenographer or a buyer or enter any of the other careers girls consider. I never cared particularly about boys, and still don't. I'm going to take my career *now*, while I have a chance at it. Everything else can come later.

"Well, as I say, I joined amateur stock companies, did amateur broadcasts and all. Every time a talent scout would come to Dallas mother would take me to see him. But he always said, 'you are too young.' So I just kept on working. In addition to my amateur stage and radio work I posed for publicity pictures for the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition, which was good experience for me, apart from being photographed so much, because I had to meet so many trains and planes and *people*. I also modelled at the Southwestern Style Show each Spring and Fall, and in other Dallas department stores, too.

"It was Ivan Kahn, the talent scout, who really 'discovered' me. It was just a year and a half ago that he came to Dallas and mother took me to see him. I thought, oh, he'll say the same old thing, 'You're too young.' But he didn't. He looked at all my photographs. He let me read for him. And then he went away. And I thought, well, that is that. Six weeks later I had a wire saying:



'How would you like to come to Hollywood, all expenses paid, just to make a test?' I was so excited I almost broke my neck getting to the train! Mother and my little sister and brother came with me. Mary Healy and Dorris Bowden were on the train, too, also going to Hollywood to make tests for Mr. Kahn. That helped. We talked and had hot and cold chills all the way, of course.

"Well, we made our tests. The day after I made mine they called me and told me I was 'very good' but that I was too young and they couldn't use me, I could go home. I was just broken-hearted. I didn't believe the 'too young' business. I thought I just wasn't any good. It made it all the harder because Mary Healy and Dorris Bowden stayed. But I'd like to say one special thing to girls. It's this: Don't you believe them when they say that 'Opportunity Knocks But Once,' that you only get One Chance. It's not so. There are second chances, there are *lots* of chances and if you just keep your chin up and your ears to the door you'll hear Opportunity knocking again and again. . . .

"So back home we went, my mother and sister and brother and I, a sorry little foursome, to be sure. I just went to work again, harder than ever. I joined the Cathedral Players of St. Matthews Episcopal Church in Dallas, the Civic Theatre and the New League Theatre, too. And I kept listening and listening for that Knock again. And just one year to the day of leaving Hollywood the first time, I was back here again. This time

one of Jesse Lasky's scouts found me and brought me to Hollywood to appear on Mr. Lasky's Gateway to Hollywood radio program. I was on the air twice, once I did a scene from *Clarence* with Edward Everett Horton, once I did a scene in which I played a gangster's Moll. I was in the finals, too. Then I made the screen test which was part of the agreement. *It was awful.* And again I had to go home! I didn't have enough money to stay here, you see. But before I went home I went to see Mr. Lew Schreiber at 20th Century and he saw how I had grown up since I'd tested there a year ago and he promised to send for me, and soon. So home I went again, pretty discouraged this time, convinced that I wouldn't be 'sent for.' But I was. And so, for the third time, I came back to Hollywood!

"At first they were going to let me test for the part of *Fern* in *The Rains Came*. Then they saw Brenda Joyce and she was more the type. Then they tested me for the lead in *Hotel For Women* and when Gregory Ratoff watched me making the test, he groaned around and exclaimed, 'just another thousand dollars wasted!' But when he saw the test run on the screen—well, I went in the production, then and there. I got my contract, and after the picture was finished they put me into *Drums* and sent me on location and after *Hotel For Women* was previewed, they brought me back and took me out of *Drums* because, of all things, my part wasn't big enough.

"And so here I am. And I believe that *naturalness* is the most important thing

a girl can have to get her a break in pictures. Because they're looking for new people, *new* faces all the time, not copies of old ones. It's a mistake, I think, to start acting like Jeanette MacDonald or Norma Shearer or anyone but just your own self.

"Well, that's how I flew into the Cuckoo's Nest," laughed lovely Linda. (*so lovely she is, too, so breathlessly beautiful*) "and every time I think about it, I nearly faint, it's so staggering, and I'm just blissfully happy right now, *blissfully*. . . ."

\* \* \*

And here is the girl who flew into the Cuckoo's Nest straight off the strings of her cello. Here is the one who didn't want to be an actress, never once thought of being an actress, because she was a cellist and all her background was music, just nothing but music. Helen Gilbert was born in Warren, Ohio, went to school in Minneapolis and in Superior, Wisconsin. Her father, Vaughn Gilbert, was a concert pianist and a music publisher. And Helen studied violin and piano and then, one day, heard Pablo Casals play *The Swan* on the cello and knew what she wanted to be!

"I've never deviated from that wanting," Helen told me (*you may note that not one of the four ever deviated once they found their Ambition*). "I studied cello in Minneapolis. Then I went to Philadelphia, played for Felix Salmon, the great English cellist there, and won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute of Music. I graduated with honors and then

## BLUE-EYED GIRLS, LIKE ROCHELLE HUDSON

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PICTURES STAR

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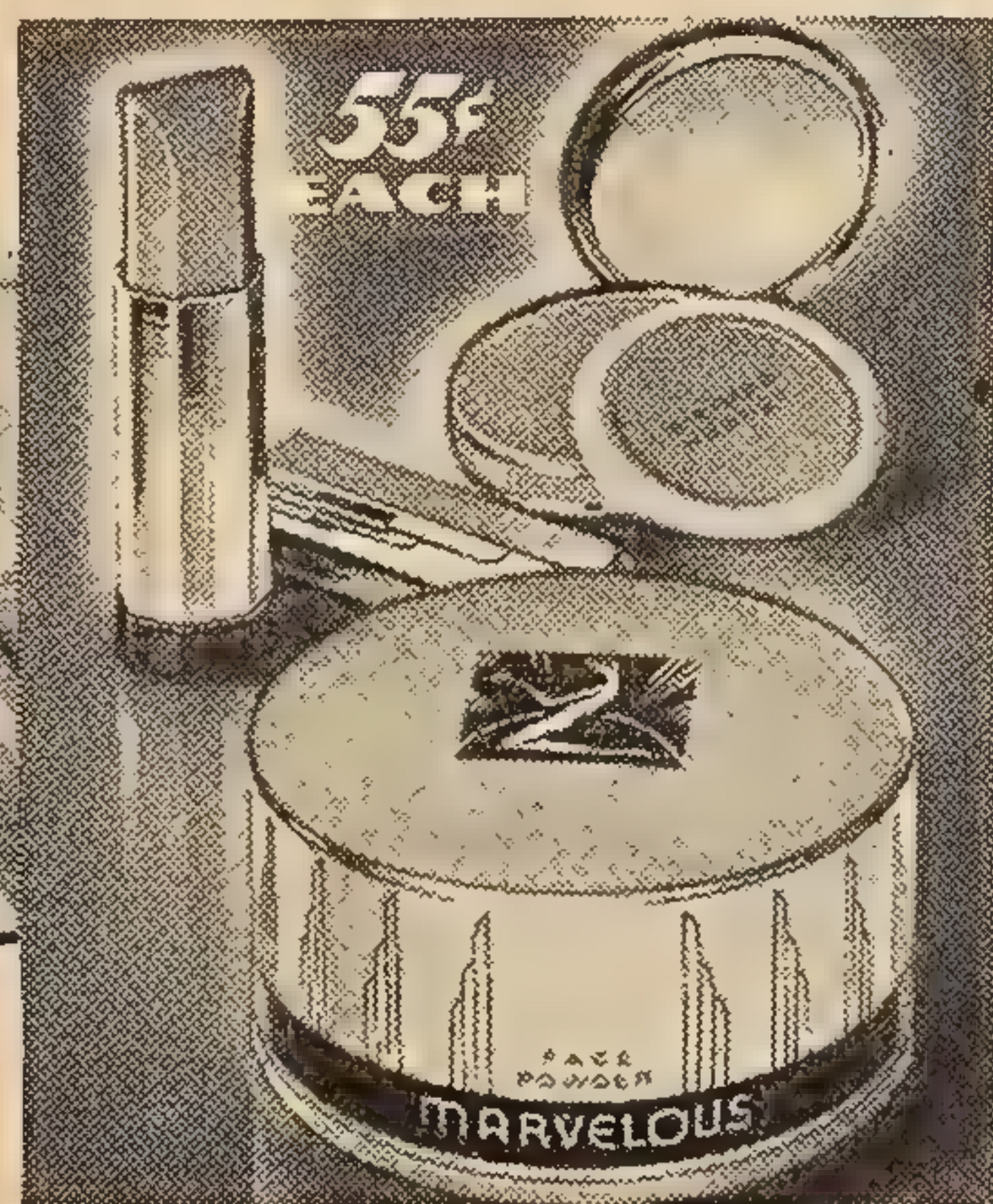
Now you can look lovelier *immediately*—thanks to this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that it is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and

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You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

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Out of Bed in the  
Morning Rin' to Go

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You never know when or where

Always Carry  
FOR ACID  
INDIGESTION



I began to make a little name for myself, in concert, as a soloist, as guest artist on some coast-to-coast broadcasts.

"Then my mother became ill, lung trouble, and a warmer climate was necessary. I came to Hollywood with her.

I felt, then, that the most terrible thing in the world had happened to me—my mother's illness, having to leave my work and come to Hollywood where, I knew, I would have to take a job in some orchestra, and give up my career on the concert stage, as soloist. I did play, as soloist, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic but such opportunities are very few out here and very soon I had to take a job with the orchestra at Columbia Studios. I began to lose my ambition and my dreams, playing Yankee Doodle, plunk, plink, plunk, fifteen hours on end. Then my mother passed away...and, two years ago, I married. My husband is a Russian. He is assistant to Morris Stoloff, musical director at Columbia. Well, I played in the orchestra here at M-G-M, too. I've watched most of the famous actresses upon the screen of the darkened sound stages while our music was being cued in to atmospheric backgrounds. But I was a part of my instrument, that's all. Becoming an actress myself never once occurred to me! I am a rabid movie fan. I never miss any picture. But I have always been a fan, never movie-struck for myself.

"Then, one day, Director 'Woody' Van Dyke happened to come on the sound stage where we were recording *Sweethearts*. He looked at me, just once. He suggested to our conductor that I be advised to make a screen test. I said no, thanks, I didn't want to make a fool of myself. Then Freddy Wilcox talked with me, said that he could arrange for me to coach before I made a test. So I said, all right, why not, I'll try any-

thing once!

"I coached with Lillian Burns here at M-G-M. I made my test, two little scenes from *Florian*, and within four days after I made the test, I had my contract and the next thing I knew I was being directed by Mr. Van Dyke in *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever*. And I call it Fate, in my case. Just nothing but Fate!

"Why, just imagine me, a few months ago, seeing the Hardy pictures, which I love, and the next thing I know, Andy Hardy is making love to me! And I thought that coming to Hollywood was the End for me. Instead of which it's the Beginning, for I may do *Florian*. And now Mr. Mayer has assigned a special writer to write a story around me, as a cellist—now I can be a soloist again, bring my music to the screen—now everything I ever hoped for in my life is coming true, in the very last place I ever expected, in pictures. And all I can feel now is gratitude and the desire to prove to Mr. Mayer and the others who have such faith in me that their faith is not misplaced....

"And that's how I flew into the Cuckoo's Nest," smiled Helen-with-the-face-of-an-angel, "and I don't know what special quality is the best pass-key unless it's just that we should take Life as it comes, do what we have to do; believe that it can, indeed, be Darkest Before the Dawn. That's the best I can say because, in my own particular case, it was just Fate, it was meant to be, that's all."

\* \* \*

And so they flew in, all four of them, Helen and Linda, and the two Brendas by different routes, from different backgrounds, with different luggage of hopes and dreams and ways and means... straight into the Cuckoo's Nest!

## Meet Miss Connecticut Yankee

[Continued from page 41]

of a stage career must have been anathema. Rosalind artfully got around this by indicating that such a course would qualify her to become a teacher. The mother liked the thought of a teacher in the family and enthusiastically agreed.

Victory in this bloodless battle taught Rosalind the strategy of a circuitous approach as opposed to a direct onslaught. Her first job, in a stock company at Lake Placid, N. Y., after graduation, was secured through her initiative. At the Academy graduation exercises, Edward G. Robinson had addressed the class: "The theatre is a great Art," said Robinson. "Let us serve it." To the idealistic youngster, the words were wine and meat. It was the summer time and no productions were in process of organization. Despite the summer lag, the girl graduate went from one producer's office to another. In one office, she heard that an obscure little producer was going to have a stock company at Lake Placid.

Somehow, she discovered his telephone number by ransacking the Long Island telephone directory.

"But my dear child," he protested, "we

won't be casting for that for several months." She wangled his promise that he'd meet her in New York City the next day. To her amazement, she found that the chap who had addressed her as "my dear child" was no older than she. But she wasn't too amazed to overlook the main chance. She didn't leave him until she had the contract to play the leading woman's role at Lake Placid.

From that time on, the Waterbury girl was to prove conclusively that a female Connecticut Yankee knew something about trading and bartering. In the lean theatrical seasons that followed, when people were beginning to lament the decline and fall of Broadway, there was never a week that she didn't work. The only disgrace to "Ros" was not to keep in action. She took any sort of a role so long as it supported her and so long as it enabled her to keep on learning.

Then Universal signed her. They assumed that they were signing a society girl, more attractive than most and more talented than many. They never dreamed that this femme Connecticut Yankee was a lady of rare resolution. When they



loaded her on the train to Hollywood, they wished her well and told her not to be upset by Hollywood. In the privacy of her drawing room, Miss Russell laughed merrily at the precautionary advice. She, who had out-sat producers in every office along Broadway, who had fought and bluffed and struggled to keep working every week of the year, wasn't apt to be discouraged by Hollywood.

Then Hollywood put the boots to her. Universal, at the time, was being run by the Laemmles. Miss Russell was ushered into the office of a high-priced executive on the lot. "This is Miss Russell, from the Broadway stage," explained the messenger who ushered her into The Presence.

"For two solid hours, I stood in that man's office," she recalls, with as close an approach to bitterness as she allows herself. "For two solid hours, I analyzed him. In all of that time, believe me, Ed, he didn't make one decision. His telephone rang continuously. He evaded every decision or delayed them. I could have seated myself, but I resolved to stand until this boor recognized my presence and asked me to be seated. At the end of two hours, he looked up and pretended to notice me for the first time. Then he made me re-introduce myself, pressed a buzzer and had a messenger take me to the office of a cameraman who had just been promoted to the rank of producer.

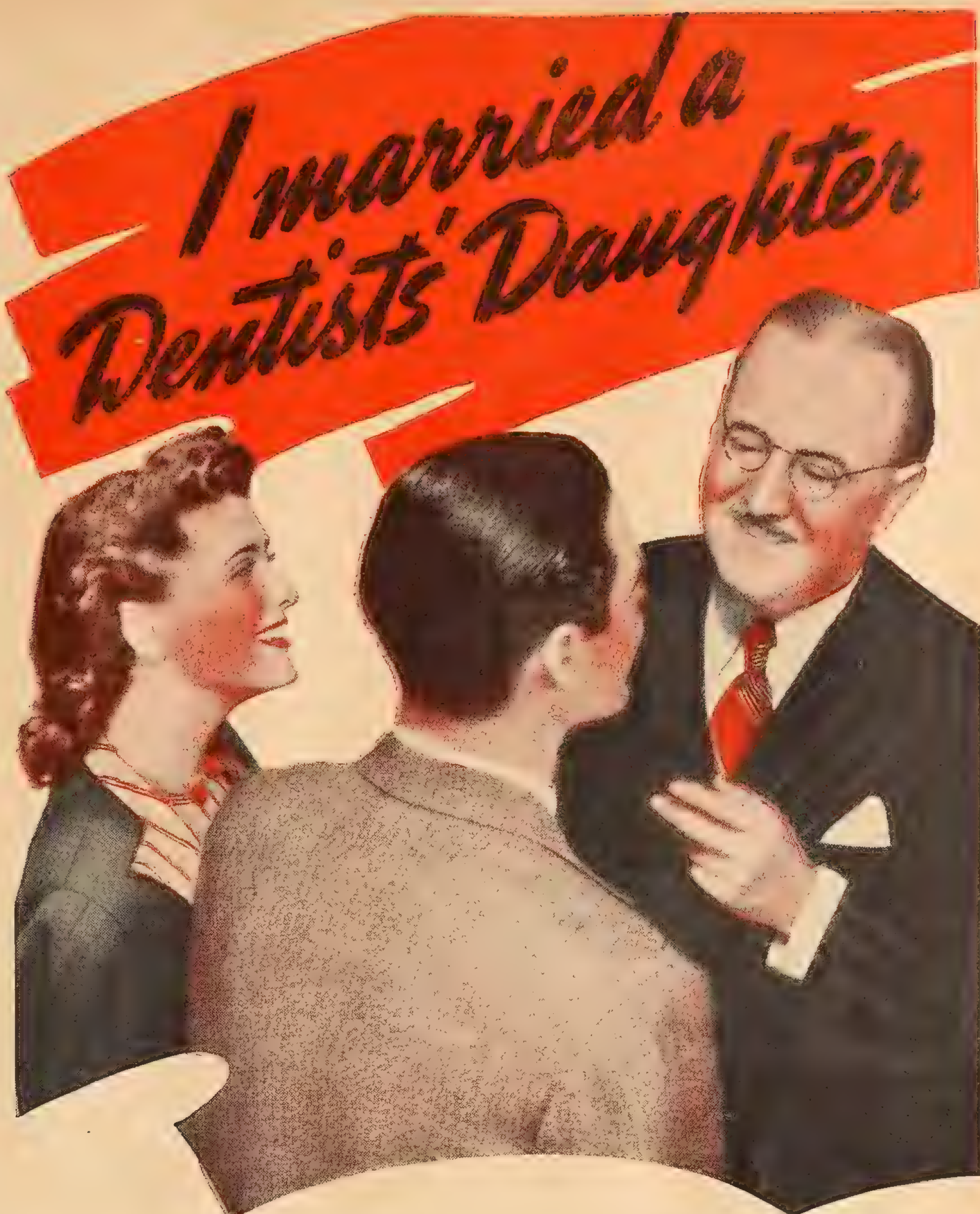
"The messenger took me to Mr. Freund's office, and muttered my name. Freund looked up. He was standing near a piano where a piano player was banging out a song. 'Give me a title for this song,' he demanded of me. 'What sort of a song is it?' I asked, trying to be helpful. At this logical answer, Freund tore at his hair with both hands and registered despair. He waved me into the outer darkness, so completely bewildered, I left that office.

"I wandered around and finally succeeded in having a dressing room assigned to me. The four walls of the dressing room restored normalcy. I sat down and smoked a cigarette and decided that Hollywood was as daffy and insane as it had been caricatured, but that after I oriented myself, everything would be all right.

"Stage people in the east had warned me that, because of the tricks a camera could accomplish, it was vitally important to be made up correctly for your movie test. They had told me to establish immediate, and friendly, relations with the make-up man and the hairdresser. So I went over to Make-Up and introduced myself to one of the make-up men. 'I'm Miss Russell and some day this week, I'll have to make a test,' I told him. He nodded listlessly. 'I want you to take this and get yourself something,' I continued and gave him \$25.

"What's this for?" he asked, pocketing the bills. I told him that I'd appreciate having him for a friend and doing whatever he could do for me. He assured me that he would take care of me. Then, I went to the hairdresser and I gave her \$25. She said, 'Thanks, girlie.'

"The next day, they notified me to get ready for a test on the following day. Bright and early I got to the studio. I was nervous, naturally, but the knowledge that I had the make-up man and the



First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

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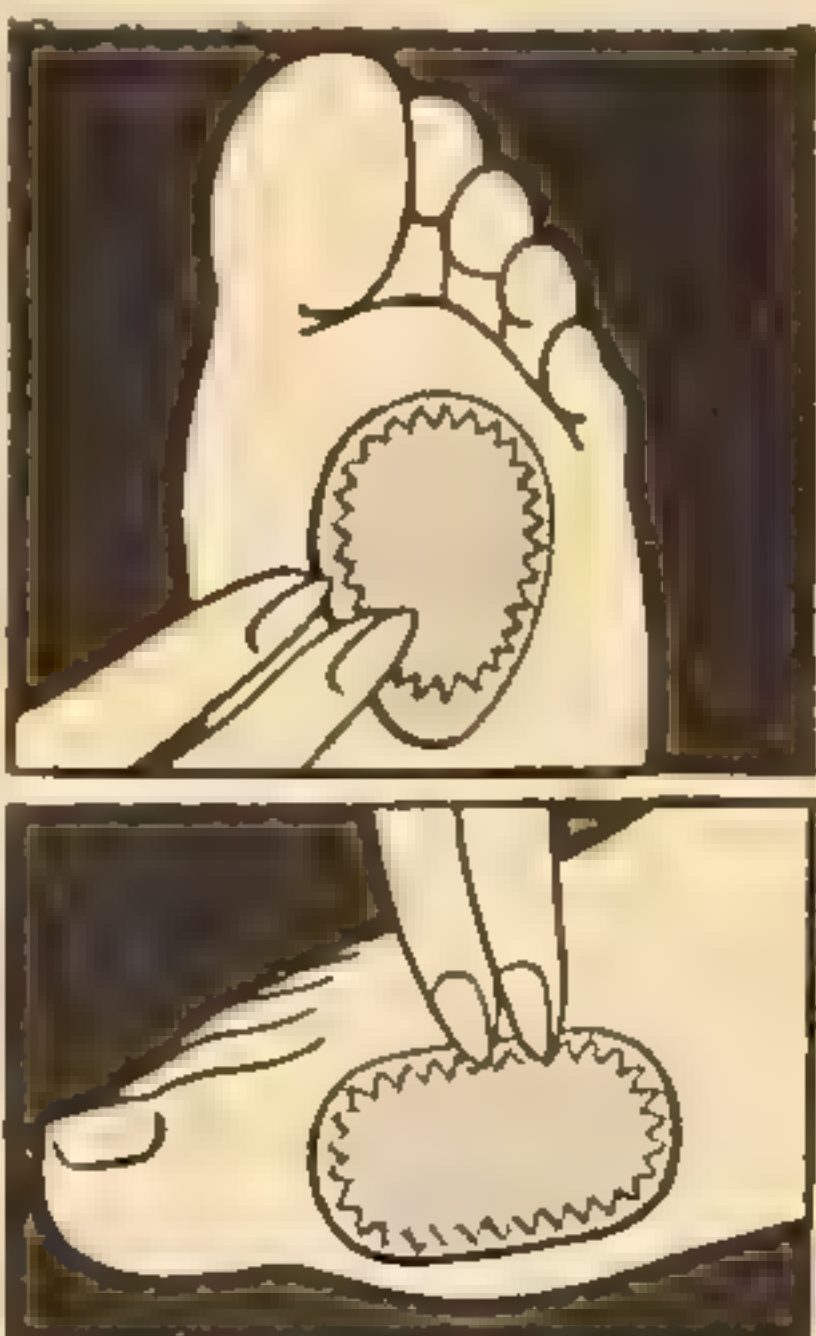
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hairdresser as allies served as a nice warm reassurance. I rushed over to Make-Up. The fellow who had taken my \$25 was reading a racing paper and was quite indignant when I tore him away from it. He didn't even recognize me, so I introduced myself again: 'I can't take you this morning,' he said and shrugged his shoulders when I tried to impress the importance of it upon him.

"I figured that, perhaps, if I went to the hairdresser, I could return and find him disengaged. The hairdresser was just as vague when I came into the place. I introduced myself all over again to her. I'll never forget the scene, Ed. She was standing in front of the mirror, frizzing the ends of her hair and chewing gum and I had to talk to her reflection in the mirror. 'Sorry, girly,' she said. 'I can't take you today'."

So, Rosalind Russell appeared for her movie test without make-up and Director John Stahl can be pardoned his annoyed surprise when he arrived on the stage and learned that he was to give a test to a girl who was in street make-up. She explained to him what had happened and at least had the satisfaction of hearing Stahl call the Make-Up man and the hairdresser and express his opinion of their slovenly behavior in tones stentorian.

However, the consolation at best was dubious. Stahl didn't have time to wait two hours for Rosalind to get made-up. So, she sat outside camera range and read responses to a young actor who was being screen-tested. As a result, the Connecticut Yankee, who was shipped out from Broadway to bolster the Universal personnel, never appeared in front of a camera on that lot. There is not an inch of film on her in the Universal library.

Bitterly humiliated, Rosalind Russell would have rushed off to Broadway had it not been for M.-G.-M.'s Ben Piazza and Benny Thau. Their courtesy was just as flattering as the rudeness of Universal had been disconcerting. They even agreed,

an unusual dispensation, that if she didn't like the test, she could have the film to destroy.

Harold Bucquet, who recently directed the successful "On Borrowed Time," made the test. "I owe everything to him," says Miss Russell. "He was the soul of patience and kindness. It was his idea to present me in a close-up that filled the screen. 'The big bosses see a lot of tests,' he told me, 'and sometimes their attention wanders. Well, we won't let them do it to you, when this close-up hits the screen in the projection room, they've got to take notice.'"

Bucquet's reasoning was correct. Not only did the big bosses take notice. They signed her immediately. The Connecticut Yankee streak in "Ros" again proved helpful. They wanted to put her in important pictures. She demurred, asked them to give her a chance to learn the mechanics of this new medium in smaller pictures. So, when "Rendezvous" presented her with her BIG opportunity, Rosalind Russell had a backlog of experience gained in twelve pictures of the short-budgeted variety. "Rendezvous" was my thirteenth picture and I clicked, but it didn't cure me of superstitions. Now I'm superstitious that 13 is my lucky number."

I present to you, my little chickadees, this portrait of a Connecticut Yankee in King Ballyhoo's Court. The next time you see her on the screen, don't be too taken in by that naive expression. Miss Russell, for all of her well-bred gentility, has a will of iron. She knows what she wants—and she gets it.

When "The Women" was about to be released, the studio suggested that Rosalind would understand the necessity of billing Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford above her. Miss Russell just as sweetly registered well-bred objections. The studio got tough. Miss Russell got just as tough. You will note, however, that Miss Russell won co-star billing.

## He Took Will Rogers' Advice

[Continued from page 43]

on the air," said Gene. "The man was a vice president but I didn't know it."

Nor did Gene know that that thirteen weeks would lengthen to five years, which is just 247 more pay checks than thirteen.

But aside from radio, things were happening to the movies. Strange things the movies didn't like.

"The Legion of Decency was cleaning up the films," he said, crossing one beautifully-booted leg over the other. "Westerns had been in a bad way since the advent of sound but here was their chance at a comeback. They were clean, cheap to make and more attention to sound was all they needed."

"A Mr. Herbert Yates liked my stuff and had taken an interest in me. So when Mascot Pictures were about to make a Ken Maynard picture with a barn dance sequence in it, he suggested me for the singing. He was financing the company so he had a lot of influence."

Yates had good judgment, too. Because later on he formed Republic Pictures

(his Consolidated Films owns it) and Gene works for them, or they work for him—whichever way you see it.

"I got along pretty well in the Maynard picture, so they stuck me in a serial and Smiley and I . . ."

You know Smiley, Smiley Burnette. Even if you're only a half-way Autry fan you'll know that Smiley is his fat and funny pal in the movies.

Smiley came into pictures because Gene sold the company on him. They first met in a small suburb of Chicago at a period when Gene was leading a five-piece band. There was never any question about the quality of the band—it was fair—but one man objected that it wasn't good enough. Someone spoke about a fellow who owned a radio station in this little town. He played accordian—loud, they said.

"I went out to see him and when he grinned at me I laughed out loud. Smiley was clearing \$12 a week and gas with the 100 watt station. His only customer was the filling station next door and they paid off with twelve bones and gasoline!"



Gene said that Smiley, when he met him, was wearing "cacky" pants. Our Mr. Autry has very little accent but a nice, pleasant drawl. With that drawl goes one of the most natural, unassuming personalities yet to come out of Hollywood. Catch some of your temperamental movie people talking about someone else's fine points when a perfectly good, live reporter faces them with poised pencil. But Gene did. . . .

"I went up to Smiley's house for a 'recital.' He played accordin nice and loud, guitar, hand-saw and mandolin and asked me if I wanted to hear more. I said I'd like to but that I had to get back to town before 1940 and that he'd better pack up and come with me—for \$35 a week and transportation. He'd have to furnish his own chuck.

"He opened with us New Year's Eve and he didn't know a thing about the band business. He was scared stiff but when they gave him a little applause on his first number he went right back and did another for them. Three of us got him down in his seat before he could start his seventh."

Smiley, he says, couldn't get used to restaurants at first. He'd buy a hot dog at a stand, a bottle of soda pop at the store and an apple from a man on the corner. Gene bought him a Sears, Roebuck suit and Smiley wouldn't sit down in it until they made him.

"We've never had an argument in all these years. Sure, he's much more sophisticated today, got a pretty newspaper gal for a wife and he even eats in restaurants."

And so it goes. Gene and Smiley have made 32 pictures, to date, for Republic. Gene has appeared in person in 1,750 towns in the U. S. and Canada. He owns a \$1,500 trailer for his hoss "Champion." The trailer has hot and cold running water, air-conditioning and a groom handy. He has won the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Poll three times running. He and Shirley Temple are under different classifications but his vote was 800, hers 600. His thirty hats cost \$50 apiece and hold ten gallons to the drop. He won't endorse cigaret ads (\$100,000 *reputedly offered*) because kids imitate him.

He whips out songs all the time. That little "Silver Haired Daddy" number sold 100,000 records, which ain't hay. He gets about 3,000 letters a week. His hoss gets some, too, and once whinnied over WKY, Oklahoma City. He fought with Republic once over salary and had them and the Jimmie Fidlers tearing their hair out by fistfuls. That has been fixed up now and Republic officials live in big fine houses and say big prayers at night for Gene Autry.

He can still handle a telegraph key and when he hits a small town on a personal appearance tour he's as apt as not to take over the key in the station office. On the stage he does quite a bit of shooting at targets. Shoots with a mirror; through his legs and almost any way. On the through-legs shot he purposely misses the first time—it excites the kids to see him vindicate himself with the next one.

But it doesn't always work that way. "I was grinning at a stage hand," he says, "as I aimed wildly for the miss-on-purpose shot one night. 'Bang' went the pistol and 'whango!' I'd made a bull's eye!"

During this interview, he was in New York on his way to London, accompanied by his pretty wife and Mr. Yates, Republic's biggest big-shot. Don't think those officials in the big fine homes would let this man go to London without a proper escort!

They say that he was quite respectfully awed by Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who hails from out yonder, himself. The Mayor was in a prankish mood after a successful battle with his Council and kidded Gene unmercifully about a real cowboy travelling by plane. Gene might have been a schoolboy answering teacher until a familiar Western Governor, happening in, broke the ice.

He reads his own publicity but he doesn't believe all of it and is excited by none of it. At the World's Fair, Ruth Mix introduced him as the man her father, Tom Mix, had given his crown to.

"Lots of people," answered Gene, "will remember Tom Mix as the greatest cowboy of all time."

He says nice things like that often, they say. He's gentle and shy. In fact it's sometimes hard to reconcile this 170 pound, five foot ten-and-a-half gentleman with the hard-riding saviour of down-trodden maids in the cinema. The answer is that he's probably both.

"I'm taking along a hoss for the Dublin Horse Show that they've never seen over there," he finished with the paper clip and tossed it, a bent wire, into the wastebasket. "It's a Palmino hoss and he's a beauty! They're golden in color and about fifteen hands and three fingers high. Sure, there are bigger hosses but these fellers just seem to look taller than any other hoss. I think my pet will make them sit up and take notice, begorrah!"

But aside from London and horse shows, it's what he's going to do when he returns that is the big thing for him.

His company has lent him to Darryl F. Zanuck to make "Jubilo."

There's considerably more to that statement than meets the eye, because "Jubilo" was made twice by Will Rogers. It was one of his greatest pictures and in the first version, Will was a wandering cowhand, in the second, a hobo.

"This is the greatest thing in my life," said Gene, half-closing his blue eyes. "To think that I, the small-town telegraph pounder Will shoved up the ladder, am to do a picture that *he* made. . . ."

It will be Autry's biggest picture, to date. It will get him into theatres that Republic can't sell to. And if he is so tremendously popular with his present handicap (*not being able to get into certain big picture houses*), what won't he do when he appears everywhere? Even now his films are previewed at Buckingham Palace for the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

There is a feeling strongly undercurrent in the industry that this man is Will Rogers' logical successor. And while there are many candidates for the honor it does seem in order that a cowboy (*which Will was, too*) succeed to the coveted title.

"I'll be thinking about Will when I step onto that 'Jubilo' set," said Gene. "I'll be remembering how he said, 'That's too good a voice for a town like this.'"

But Will won't be saying, as he did in Chelsea, "Yore wastin' time here. . . ."

Not on the "Jubilo" set!

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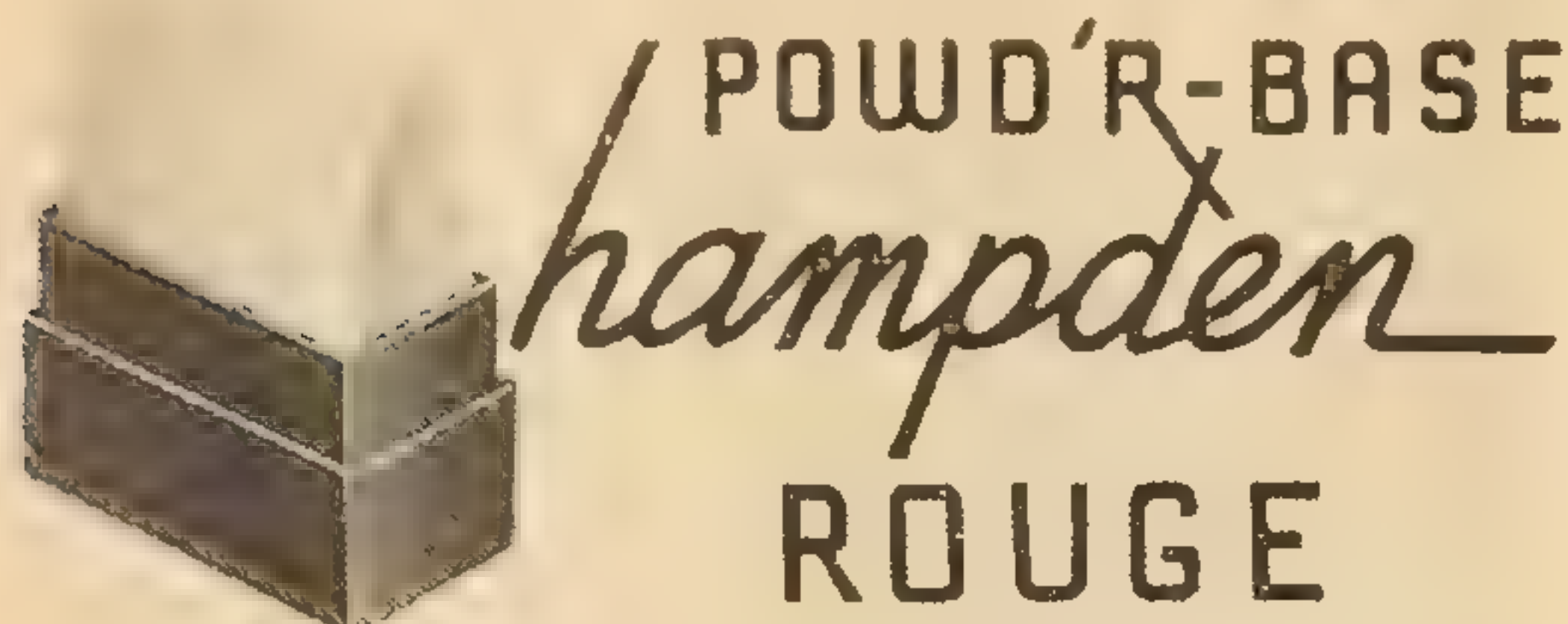
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## Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 45]

Lincoln. And I would like to play Ethan Frome on the screen, as I did on the stage. Outside of that, I have no driving ambitions. I'm just an actor." But let us fade-in on Massey's comments on Hollywood:

"The Deanna Durbins and the Shirley Temples succeed on the screen, whereas experienced and able stage actors fail in films, because they can, without particular technical equipment, express a spontaneous emotion. The footlight actor is trained to resort to technical devices portraying emotions, and the movie camera shows them to be just what they are—carefully calculated moods.

"In the theater you take a role, study it, and slowly develop it during rehearsals. In fact, it goes on developing night after night as you play it and get to know the character better. You utilize your emotions in rehearsals, get the part shaped as it should be—and then, from that point on, you do it smoothly, with the right shading and the right emphasis and the right balance. You have the part down to a technical basis. You can't do it over and over again and continually feel the part. For you it is now a definite mathematical structure.

"In films you rush into a scene, the director tells you how it should be done, the camera is shoved in front of you, and a moment later you are playing it. Right there an inexperienced, highly emotional kid can succeed where a seasoned actor can't get his bearings. It is a fragmentary emotion of the moment, but the youngster feels it. With him, the camera is photographing an actual emotion. And audiences rightly realize that."

So there you have an analysis of why many an experienced actor fails before the cameras. And probably it is basically true. It sounds reasonable. Just what will happen to Massey's Lincoln in films remains to be seen. But the stage star has explained away any possible failure in advance.

**G**LENDA FARRELL was in the East this past Summer playing in stock. She wanted experience. For she has ambitions. She wants to advance. That's why she declined a good motion picture contract recently. Her reasons are direct and simple:

"I got tired of playing tough comedy babies. Sure, the work was regular, paid pretty well, too. But I think I can do more. I've been acting pretty steadily since I was seven. Went to heaven as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice a day at the age of four. Did a lot of things since. Then, six years ago, the movies swallowed me.

"Ever since then I've been getting up at 6:30 in the morning, rushing to the studio, hurrying into make-up. Home at 8 or 9, an hour to study tomorrow's lines, then to bed. That's no life. If you play, it shows on your face. Worse yet, I was kept in the same kind of part.

Tough, slangy girls with hearts of gold. Sometimes without the heart of gold. I got tired. When I asked for a chance at other parts, they'd say 'So what?' And I'd get another slangy baby to play.

"It's nice having your home and your car and your garden. But I still want to do things. The only film part I really liked was in 'I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,' with Paul Muni. So I kicked it all over and went East to try doing something else on the stage. I want to develop. In Summer stock I did 'Anna Christie.' I still want to go places in the business of acting.

"It's nice to get away from the impersonal machinery of Hollywood. In the theater if you want to buy a fur coat, you go to your manager. Suppose it's Al Woods. You tell him. And he'll say, 'Baby, tell the auditor it's OK for an advance of \$500. Pay it back each week. Fix it up with him.' Suppose you went to a movie producer, if you could catch him outside of a conference. You'd say you wanted a coat. He'd say, 'So what?' And push all the buttons on his desk.

"I guess, when I come to think of it, I'm mostly in rebellion against 'So what?'"

That's one of Hollywood's faults, Glenda. Typing. Most of the time it burns out a player, consumes her ambitions, leaves her forgotten by the wayside. Let's see what you can do as guardian of your own time. But you will find that "So what?" is a national disease, not entirely Hollywoodian.

**W**HEN David Selznick shortly releases Margaret Mitchell's famous story, "Gone With the Wind," a little English girl, born in India, will be under the guns of Hollywood. For the comparative newcomer, Vivien Leigh, landed the role every actress in the movie colony longed to play. Is Miss Leigh, the Scarlett O'Hara of the film, afraid?

"Why afraid?" returns Miss Leigh coolly. "All that talk of hundreds of actresses trying for the part was publicity, a lot of it on the part of other studios. Actually less than a dozen made tests. Norma Shearer, who had considered the part, sent me a swell letter of congratulation after I was chosen.

"I got the role by chance. I came over from London to spend a single week in the Hollywood colony. One night I went to a party at Myron Selznick's home. He suggested that we go over to his brother's studio to watch the mimic burning of Richmond. Although they had not cast the principal roles, they were shooting some of the spectacular scenes. While we stood by, Myron Selznick said jokingly, 'How about a test for Scarlett?' I took the test next day and got the part. I started in January, worked twenty-two weeks straight with only five free days. I hardly saw anything of Hollywood. I was too tired after work to go about, and I slept through the free days.

"The film carries Scarlett from the age of sixteen to twenty-eight. It was easy



to look the part until about June. I'm twenty-two but even so the strain began to show then. I felt a million years old. I'd say to myself, 'Now, can I look twenty-eight?'—and worry.

"It isn't as hard as you would think for an English girl to play a Dixie heroine. We English often drop our r's and we talk in a lackadaisical way. The dialect came easy. Indeed, the director would tell me every now and then, 'Not too Southern, Vivien!' And those rumored quarrels with Clark Gable who played Rhett Butler. We finally came to joke about the reports. We'd say when we'd meet in the morning, 'What'll we quarrel about today?'"

Still, in spite of all her confidence, Miss Leigh is on the firing line—or will be, now that "Gone With the Wind" is to be released. The part will make or break her.

Although she has the most coveted role in years, Miss Leigh still is unknown. She went about New York recently unrecognized, even toured the World's Fair unobserved. It will be different after the release of the picture. She will be a name and a face then, I trust.

**MICKEY ROONEY** comes of the theater. His father was long a burlesque comic. Mickey grew up back stage. And now he's a Hollywood name while still in his teens. Very soon he'll have to make the step from boyhood to manhood in film roles. Let him explain it.

"Naturally, after all that Andy Hardy has done for me, I'd be crazy not to want to play that part as long as the public wants to see it. It almost has reached the point now where I forget which is Andy Hardy and which is Mickey Rooney.

"For that matter, I think I've enjoyed every part I've ever played. I just do what the studio thinks is most suited to me. There's been plenty of variety in my parts in the past and I figure there will be in the future. Eventually, I'd like to do the sort of thing Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy do. They're tops with me among the men stars. Whether I'll ever be able to match up to them, I doubt, but I'd like to try.

"Right now, I'm pretty excited about my part in 'Babes in Arms,' because it gave me a chance to do a lot of different things: sing, dance, act, play a few instruments. And it's something like me, myself, because it has a background of the theater, where I was brought up.

"Maybe I'll go into directing eventually. I've always wanted to. But I'd just as soon stay an actor until people get tired of looking at me."

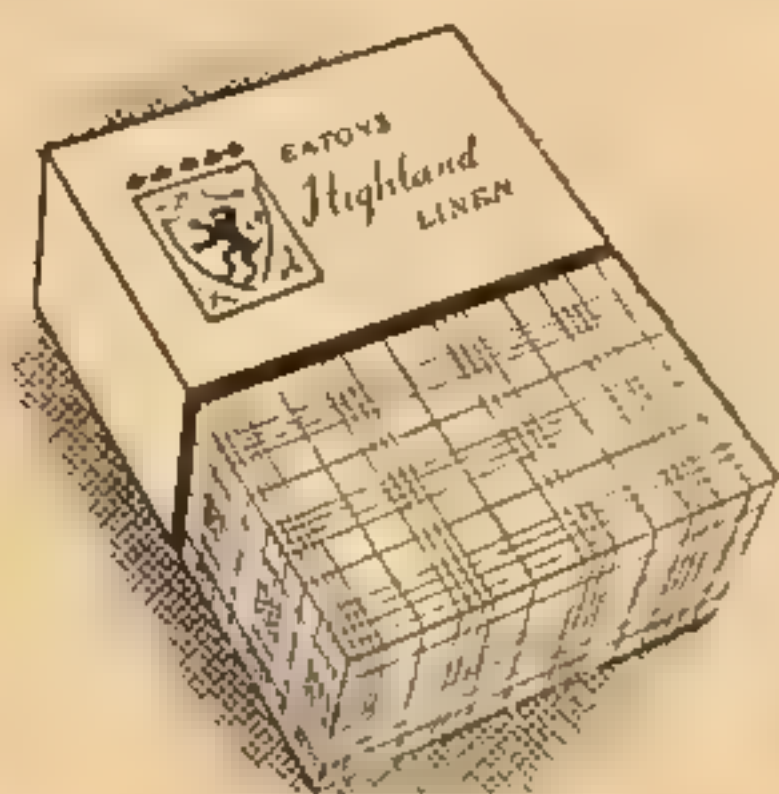
Little man, you've had a busy life. And the fact that you have that earthy Garfield quality has helped. It's given a Puckish honesty to your Andy Hardy. It will help you make the step to grown-up roles. What's adolescence to a Rooney?

**PAUL MUNI** wanted to play Beethoven—but he was a little afraid. Instead, he is doing James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." Muni doesn't want to be typed in spite of his hopes to play

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the composer. Let him tell you his reasons:

"It is just as easy and just as dangerous for an actor to become typed in the kind of stories he uses for his screen appearance as it is to become typed as an actor who plays only one kind of role. I do not want to become a 'biography actor.' To break the apparent chain of biographies—I have already made one of Pasteur, one of Zola and the current one of Juarez—I set out to find a lighter, modern story for my next picture."

Of "Juarez," Muni has some interesting comments: "The parallel with present conditions in the world is too close to be ignored. I have fewer lines than are usually allotted to me in a picture. In the stage play from which the script was partially adapted, the character, Juarez, was an unseen force, an 'off-stage presence,' one who dominated the actors on the stage, but made no appearances.

"It was not easy for either scenarist or actor to bring the powerful, behind-the-scenes character of the play into actuality on the screen. Every appearance and every brief speech was written and rewritten many times."

Muni is a serious minded, slow working, careful, conscientious actor. By pure force of hard work he has climbed to the pinnacle among Hollywood actors. It will be interesting, and a new kind of test for him, to try a modern fictional character, his first since 1935. He won't have history as a bulwark—and the test will be worth watching.

**CECIL De MILLE**, smartly attired in brown, paces his Plaza Hotel suite.

Miss Rosson, his secretary for 28 years and a sister of the Rosson brothers who are directors and cameramen, hovers about anxiously.

"The total gross of the pictures I have personally directed in the last fifteen years, up to 'Union Pacific,' is exactly \$41,907,052.75," he remarks meditatively. "The biggest gross achieved by any of my pictures was reached by 'The Ten Commandments.' It ran over five million dollars. My first big gross was hit by 'Male and Female.' That went to a million and a half, a sizeable figure for its day.

"The screen today is too drab. It has grown a little dull, talking endlessly of money. That accounts for the vogue of historical pictures. We want to get away from the everyday realities."

You're the grey fox of Hollywood, C.D., with your tremendous profits that sound like a whole day's spending in the Senate. You do know your screen audiences. So, when you say you are going to do more history, you probably know what the public wants. The next picture may deal with the American Revolution, you say. Nobody has ever been able to humanize those decorative days on stage or screen. Everybody looks stuffed in those stiff uniforms and stiffer petticoats, those wigs and periwigs. But, if anybody can do the trick, you can. Didn't you, in "Union Pacific," make a whole railroad take a bath? Remember the epic collapse of the water tower?



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## "Problem" Heads and Faces

[Continued from page 15]

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, which is then steamed into scalp and hair for a time, according to your particular needs. A thorough shampoo follows. One treatment like this and most unruly hair is then ready for a satisfactory permanent. In some extreme cases, two or three treatments may be necessary before a permanent and after, to really get the hair in good condition. However, most cases respond with one. A good suggestion then is a weekly shampoo with the Fitch Shampoo, and a Steam Treatment about every two months. That seems simple, inexpensive and well within the reach of every girl's time and budget. A great many beauty shops offer this Fitch treatment; and if you take this advice, while you are getting your treatment ask your operator to let you read the Fitch book, "Reconditioning 'Difficult' Hair." It will give you a clear understanding of your own problem and is very interesting reading.

I might add that some of the loveliest hair I have seen is regularly shampooed at home with this Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It is not only an excellent cleanser for scalp as well as hair, washing away any traces of dandruff, but a revitalizer, as your shining, alive-looking hair will tell you. Ask the men what they think about this shampoo. Men, you know, demand very immediate and practical results from their grooming aids. And they get them in Fitch's.

When you next set your hair or have it set, see that Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is used for this purpose. It has a certain lubricating effect and gives deep, lustrous waves. In Hollywood, I learned a little grooming trick, which you might try with this tonic. There is hardly a star who, between shampoos, doesn't use a tonic on cotton for a quick cleansing of the face hairline an inch or two into the scalp. Cleansing cream, even soap suds and powder, have a way of creeping into this area. Quickly they dim the shine and color of hair close to the face, where it is so important. The quick use of your tonic here will keep that area clean and shining. If a cold or lack of time prevent a shampoo, always use your tonic in this manner over your entire head for a temporary cleansing. Afterwards, brush your hair very thoroughly, wiping the brush now and then so that oil and dust are not carried back to your hair.

I promise you a welcome surprise, if you try this Reconditioning Treatment—lovely looking hair. Then, what to do with it? Lovely hair should be worn to show its fullest beauty.

Hair styling is a problem. All girls know that. If you've wondered how you'd look with your hair extremely different from the way you now wear it, but have lacked the courage for a cut and arrangement you might find unbecoming or difficult to care for, here is news! With every purchase of a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, comes free an in-

triguing package of Hollywood Try-On Hair Styles, literally coiffure patterns in the form of cardboard cut-outs that you try on as you would a new hat. Try them, study your face, decide just what smart, current style is most flattering to you. There are twelve up-to-the-minute styles, in six shades of hair, this color variation of especial help to the girl who has felt impelled to lighten or darken her tresses. The Try-Ons not only solve fashion, but shade for you, also. For girls who are weary of their present appearance, here is a quick-change idea that saves time, expense and disappointment. You'll enjoy this experience.

Now perhaps you've often looked at your face and realized that it is not entirely without grace and charm. Perhaps, also, you've felt that someone might take that face and accent it here, subdue it there, to add individuality and a harmonious effect of beauty—if not strictly classical beauty. If only you had that someone at hand to consult! To your aid now comes Perc Westmore, a facial artist of a rare kind, who with one keen glance can tell you what to remember, what to forget, in your face, and show you, through make-up, how to achieve an ideal face, according to type. There are, says Mr. Westmore, seven basic face types, and the subject requires pages to cover. If you want a fascinating book, covering the whole subject of refashioning your face to its fullest beauty, then you will find intense interest and practical and artistic help in Mr. Westmore's "Perfect Make-Up Guide," for sale at any Woolworth store or at the New York office of House of Westmore, at 730 Fifth Avenue, for twenty-five cents.

This is a very complete piece of work, profusely illustrated with star pictures and including a measuring wheel, by which you can *type* your own face. There is information on how to select your make-up colors—and that is certainly a problem for most of us—and eye make-up and eyebrow styling, both so very important in the expression and appeal of your face. There are pages telling you how to analyze your face, how to accent or subdue features, how to reshape a contour through make-up, how to make your mouth lovely, and many other special ways of detecting and perfecting that beauty that is yours alone.

Surely no one is better equipped to write such a guide than Mr. Westmore, whose works of art are such screen faces as Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard and many others. Rare, as Mr. Westmore will tell you, is the feminine face that has not some trace of beauty; just as rare, too, are the girls who naturally know how to dramatize and bring out that beauty. But this is an art that can be learned. I can think of no better way to spend a quarter than for this most helpful book. It is a long step toward becoming that girl you want to be.



## Whirling Around With Lya

[Continued from page 47]

tion of one of the producers who promised her a chance to act. Her chance turned out to be an extra's job in a mob scene. "But I was lucky," Lya added. It just so happened that duVivier, the famous French director, saw a close-up of the scene in which she appeared and called her over to his studio where her film career really began. Five years ago M-G-M signed her to do the French versions of its American films and during her stay in Hollywood she took out naturalization papers, a fact which was to serve her well in her encounter with Nazi agents. After a year in Hollywood Miss Lys returned to Paris for a few more films and again returned to America where she tried the legitimate stage in "The Night of January 16." It was while she was in New York that Warners called her to play in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."

Lya told me all this twixt New York and Philadelphia. When we got back to New York she found that she was to appear as guest star on a popular radio program. Radio doesn't faze her. She took a copy of the script to the hairdresser and read it under the drier. Then she rushed off to the broadcasting studio just in time to go on the air. As usual, she was the calmest person involved. While waiting for her cues, she blew kisses to her friends in the glass-enclosed control booth. Her voice is low and rather effective as it comes through the radio speaker. When we complimented her on her voice after the program, she confided that she could sing when the mood was on her.

After peeking into several restaurants around Broadway for dinner (*she was very particular that night*) we hastened into a place called the Tavern, where, again, she seemed to know everyone. Lya likes plenty of ice with her food. She started by gulping quantities of ice water. When I warned her that ice water is not good for the digestion she turned on me and said, "Don't tell me what's good for me. My mother is a doctor, my uncles are doctors and all my aunts are doctors and they have been telling me what's good for me all my life!" So we finished dinner and before going to the

Waldorf's Sert Room to dance I stopped off to buy some bicarbonate.

When the Waldorf palled, Lya began to yearn for the Stork Club again. There she met Quentin Reynolds, who had recently returned from Germany and who had written the story "The Man Who Walked With God" which is to be a forthcoming picture for Miss Lys. Lya told us how she had been detained by Nazi agents in Hamburg, how she had been taken off the train and accused of making derogatory remarks about the government and how her money and most of her belongings had been confiscated. Little wonder that she does not care to go home.

On the evenings that followed, Lya saw Katherine Hepburn's performance in "The Philadelphia Story" and commented favorably on the leading lady's wardrobe. Lya, herself, has impeccable taste in clothes. From the theatre we whipped over to "21" to say hello to some of Lya's friends and thence to the smart and coruscating El Morocco where Lya posed for some very candid camera studies. The best dressed women, Lya decided, were at Morocco—and all Americans! It was here, while studying her expressive mouth, that I said—with a smile—"What pretty lips you have," and she replied with logic, "It is better that you should like the *person*, not the lips."

The next day word came from the coast asking Lya to return for the filming of a new picture, called "The Fighting 69th." Shortly before train time she startled her friends again by saying, "How can the train leave? I am not yet packed!" With the help of four friends and a professional valet she succeeded in putting her things into their respective containers. Through all the packing she calmly ran a comb through her long golden hair. I counted fourteen combs scattered about the suite. We arrived at the station with very little time to spare, but in the brief moment before the train pulled out Lya expressed her regret at having to leave the great city.

"But I'll be back," she added matter-of-factly, "for personal appearances!" She will too, if I have anything to say about it.

## Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

### HOTEL FOR WOMEN

FEATURES A NEW DISCOVERY—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

**W**ELL, if you were holding your breath for Elsa Maxwell's screen debut, here it is. The famous party thrower throws one of her parties right here on the screen for your delight, but it doesn't look so hot, believe me. However, Elsa's parties for the smart folk, in real life, so they tell me, are not so dull as the screen would have you believe. The debut honors of the picture, anyway, seem to go to Linda Darnell,

Mr. Zanuck's newest discovery, who has as pretty a face and figure as you'll see in a month of Sundays. You'll be seeing Miss Linda of Dallas, Texas, in bigger and better pictures. Linda plays a sweet naive young girl who arrives in New York expecting her "back home" boy friend to rush her to the altar. But he has gone for glamour and wealth in the shape of the boss's daughter, so Linda is pretty crushed and is on her way back to Syracuse when she falls in with the sophisticated inmates of a smart New York women's hotel. She becomes an artist's model—and good old fashioned



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melodrama sets in with a seduction scene, a shooting, and Linda rushing to her boy friend's arms. The highspots of the picture are provided by Ann Sothorn who plays a wise-cracking chorus girl who knows all the answers. A special award should be given Ann for rescuing pictures from the doldrums. Jimmy Ellison plays the young hero, John Halliday the middle-aged playboy deceiver, and Alan Dinehart a man with ideas, not good. Among the pretty girls are Katharine Aldridge and Lynn Bari. Director Gregory Ratoff deserves better stories than this.

### GOLDEN BOY

WILLIAM HOLDEN SURPASSES EXPECTATIONS—*Columbia*

**A**DAPTED from the Clifford Odets' hit play of the same title, "Golden Boy" reaches the screen as one of the most powerfully dramatic pictures of the year—and lays itself wide open to an Academy Award. Magnificently directed by Rouben Mamoulian there are moments of rare beauty, of haunting pathos; and, always, it is thoroughly absorbing. William Holden plays Joe Bonaparte, the young Italian boy from New York's East Side who has the soul of an artist and the body of a prizefighter. Columbia's search for a Golden Boy was second only to Selznick's search for a Scarlett O'Hara—and may it be said that their search couldn't have come out better. Young Holden, who was "discovered" at the Pasadena Playhouse, in this, his first picture, can climb right up on top with the old-timers. Giving Mamoulian and Barbara Stanwyck credit for his remarkable performance, Bill is happy about the whole thing. Barbara (*beautifully photographed for a change, thank goodness*) is excellent as the "dame from Newark" who makes a fighter out of Joe Bonaparte, and then, in remorse, sends him back to his father and his violin. In the brilliant cast are Adolphe Menjou as the fight manager, Joseph Calleia as the gangster, Beatrice Blinn as Joe's sister, and Sam Levene as Joe's highly amusing brother-in-law. But the greatest acting honors must go to Lee J. Cobb who plays Joe's father, a heart-broken, beaten old man, who simply can't understand about money when there are such beautiful things in life as music. You'll gulp and choke all over Mr. Cobb—who, it might amaze you to know, is only twenty-seven years old! There is only one real fight sequence, and that is so dramatic and heart-breaking that women will like it as well as men.

### THE STAR MAKER

BING AND A GROUP OF TALENTED KIDS—*Paramount*

**B**ING at his best! Mrs. Crosby's little boy portrays the thrilling, true-to-life story of one of Broadway's greatest characters—Gus Edwards. It was Gus Edwards who wrote hit songs and turned kids into top stars, and as the lovable, understanding "Star Maker" Bing gives one of his best performances. He starts out as an ambitious young man who stumbles upon the discovery that youngsters have box-office value, and as soon as he can sell his idea to the theatre bookers he clicks big! Things are going along grand when "child labor" steps in and slaps him down—and just when he

has his star pupil (*Linda Ware*) ready for the footlights. He turns her over to Walter Damrosch, she becomes a hit at Carnegie Hall, and eventually the "Star Maker" ties up with the newly discovered radio and finds another fortune. Linda Ware, Paramount's new "find," who can hit notes that are simply out of this world, lives up to all her advance publicity. There are a lot of cute, talented kids in the picture, and such old reliables as Laura Hope Crews playing a stage mother, and Ned Sparks a press agent.

### THE WIZARD OF OZ

WONDERFUL, WHETHER YOU'RE 6 OR 60—*M.G.M.*

**T**HE kids will eat this up! And so will the grown-ups, too! L. Frank Baum's "Oz" books have been childhood classics for years, and everyone known about Dorothy, the Tin Woodman, the Straw Man, and the wonderful land of Oz. Produced lavishly and in startlingly beautiful Technicolor, the screen version of "The Wizard of Oz" retains all the magic and exquisite fantasy of the original books. (*Those old die-hards who said that fantasy could not be successfully presented on the screen with human actors will now have to eat their words.*) Judy Garland plays the famous Dorothy who, with her little dog, gets blown away from her home in Kansas in a hurricane and finds herself in the land of Oz. Homesick, she wants to get back to her aunt and uncle in Kansas, but the only person who can "magic" her back is the Wizard who lives in the Emerald City. On her way to ask a favor of the Wizard, she has numerous adventures, and meets up with such charming people as the Straw Man (*Ray Bolger*) who wants a brain, the Tin Woodman (*Jack Haley*) who wants a heart, and the Cowardly Lion (*Bert Lahr*) who wants courage. Good old Frank Morgan turns out to be the Wizard, and, in the musical comedy manner, grants the requests of Dorothy and her friends.

### WHEN TOMORROW COMES

NOT AS GOOD AS "LOVE AFFAIR"—*Universal*

**I**RENE DUNNE and Charle Boyer, the famous romantic team of "Love Affair," are united again under the directorial baton of John M. Stahl. The picture, unfortunately, is rather slow-paced and disjointed. The two popular stars are excellent, as usual, and deserving of a much better story. The handsome Boyer, who makes women flutter both on and off the screen, drops in at Karb's Restaurant one noon and is served a forty-five cent special de luxe blue plate by waitress Irene Dunne. Quite intrigued by Irene, as who wouldn't be, he follows her to a union meeting where she makes a stirring speech on the sisterhood of the working class. The next afternoon she spends an idyllic hour or so with him on his sailboat on Long Island Sound, and learns that he is a famous concert pianist. They are caught in a hurricane on their way back to the city and find refuge in the choir loft of a small church. They love each other, but it's no dice, because Mr. Boyer has a wife, and his wife is a mental case—but sane enough to hold on to him. The picture ends abruptly with one of the most beautiful love scenes ever acted.

### STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

TRULY AN EPIC—*20th Century-Fox*

**T**HERE is no hokum in this almost scholarly account of the famous meeting of Henry M. Stanley and Dr. David Livingstone in "darkest Africa." The picture sticks strictly to facts. Even the colorful backgrounds are authentic. Spencer Tracy gives one of his best performances as the American newspaper reporter who is sent out by his news-making editor (*Henry Hull*) to find the long lost Dr. Livingstone for a newspaper "scoop." Imagine his surprise when he discovers that the good missionary does not wish to be found, but is perfectly happy in the humanitarian work he is doing with the ignorant natives. Sir Cedric Harwicke is perfect in the role of the kindly Dr. Livingstone, the most beloved man in Africa. Important in the cast are Charles Coburn, as the arrogant publisher of the London Globe; Richard Greene, his son, but Stanley's champion; Nancy Kelly, who becomes Stanley's inspiration on his physically impossible trek through the African veldt; and Walter Brennan, a frontier Indian scout who accompanies Stanley on all his hazardous trips. It is a story of a man who finds himself, simply told, and exquisitely acted.

### LADY OF THE TROPICS

HEDY SLAYS 'EM AGAIN!—*M.G.M.*

**T**HE great news in this picture is that Hedy Lamarr is not just a "flash in the pan," as so many of the professional be-littlers in Hollywood predicted. "Beautiful, yes," they said after "Algiers," "but can she act?—no!" Well, pretty Miss Hedy now proceeds to make liars out of them. Not only does her beauty make her the most glamorous star on the screen today, but in this picture she proves she is a skillful actress (*she does a Camille for twenty minutes that would tax even a Bette Davis*) and a definite personality. As stories go "Lady of the Tropics," a little something tossed off by Ben Hecht who ought to know better, is certainly no great shakes—but thanks to the splendid trouping of Hedy and Bob Taylor you don't realize just how trite it really is. Bob and Hedy make as exciting a pair of lovers as you could ever hope for, and it's only a matter of time before they'll be teamed again.

### THE OLD MAID

FOR THE LADIES—*Warner Brothers*

**B**ETTE DAVIS and Miriam Hopkins, Hollywood's best dramatic actresses are co-starred in this most recent adaptation of Edith Wharton's musty old-fashioned story of a past generation. The picture is sombre, long, and so unhappy that women who like to weep will have themselves a perfect field day. Director Edmund Goulding has managed to give both his stars an equal number of big dramatic scenes, so neither has a chance at picture stealing. Jane Bryan plays Tina, Bette's illegitimate daughter, and Louise Fazenda is perfect as an old family servant. In small, but important, parts are Cissie Loftus, Donald Crisp, William Lundigan and Jerome Cowan. This is what is called a "woman's picture."



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